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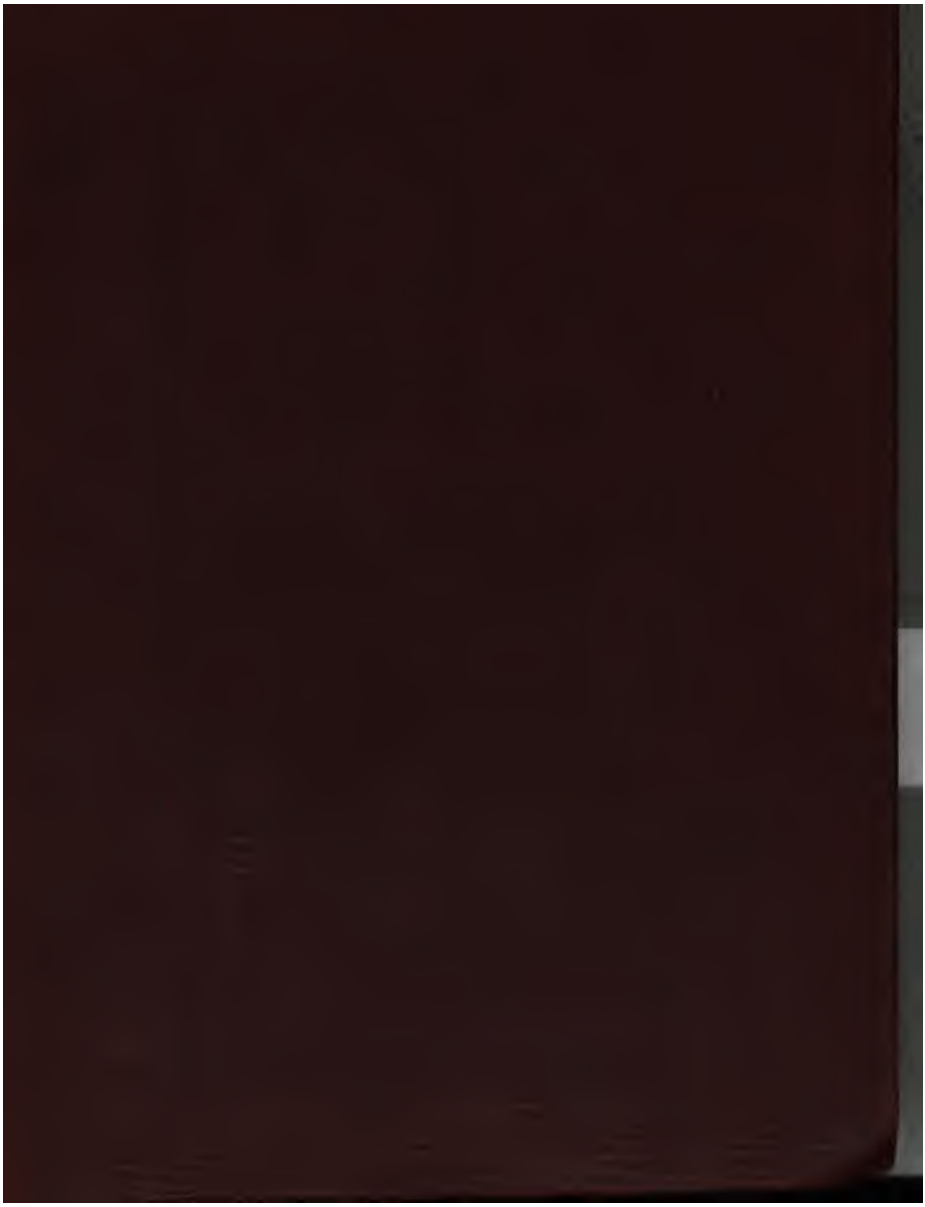

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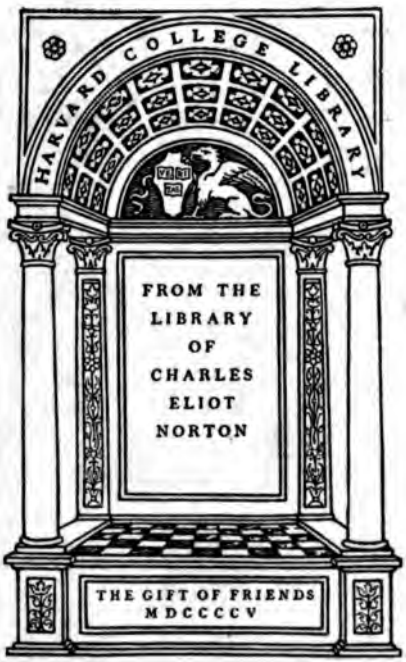
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Faust:

A TRAGEDY,

BY

GOETHE.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JOHN HILLS, Esq.

LONDON: WHITTAKER AND Co.
BERLIN: ASHER.

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PREFACE.

In submitting to the notice of the public the following version of a work which has already occupied the hands of an unprecedented number of translators, I am anxious to be allowed to state the circumstances under which it was first begun, and, after almost an entire abandonment, has recently been completed. I hope for the reader's forgiveness in entering upon them; as I cannot be insensible that a portion of ridicule even may attach to the announcement of another appeal to

public attention on a subject apparently so exhausted.

It is now nearly ten years since I first entertained the thought of executing a metrical version of "Faust," and I did in fact begin it during a sojourn at Dresden in the winter of 1829. My enterprise was, however, checked almost at its outset by the intelligence I received that no less than *seven* different versions were then, to the knowledge of my informant, actually in the course of execution. An unfeigned distrust in my own powers led me at once to abandon all thoughts of entering into competition with a host of such appalling numbers and unknown strength; nevertheless, I did from time to time resume the work for my own amusement—fragmentarily,—and as different moods attracted me towards this or that passage in a poem so singularly variegated as the "Faust."

The parts thus executed were in the hands of some of my friends; and, on my return from Italy in the summer of 1838, after an absence of four years, and when, amid far different associations, my thoughts had only once been directed to this work, I was surprised to find that the favourable opinion they had in the first instance expressed of them had not been diminished by a comparison with other versions which had appeared during my absence. Thus encouraged, I did not any longer hesitate; I forthwith completed the translation; and, in spite of the accumulated disadvantages under which it must appear, I now risk its publication.

I have entered on the foregoing statement because it contains my own defence to myself; yet I am well aware that in saying thus much I may become obnoxious to the charge of

resorting to the vulgar subterfuge of those ingenious self-exhibitors, who, playing at hide and seek with their own vanity, lay to the account of "discerning friends" each occasion of its display. It is, nevertheless, strictly true that I should never of my own motion have risked this publication. Let this fact, then, go for what it is worth: I know that it will not and ought not to exonerate me from the charge of presumption should the performance itself be found inadequate to its own justification.

After the completion of my own version, I made a point of looking at such of the metrical versions of those who had preceded me in this walk as I could get access to. Some of these possess merits of a very high order, and to which my own version makes no claim, and has no pretension. Yet a few pages of each

read at random (with the single exception, in parts, of Mr. Talbot's very able performance—far the best, in my opinion, that has yet appeared) sufficed to shew me that my owr attempt had few or no points of contact with any of them.

Let me be allowed, without offence, briefly to explain my meaning.

And, first, none I take it will be disposed to hold that prose is an adequate medium for the transfusion of a metrical work of Imagination from one language into another; on the contrary, I believe that all will be agreed that rhythm and metre (however these may be understood) are indispensable to the full transmission of its character and beauty, simply because it *is* a poem. But I would go much further than this, and maintain that prose is

entirely inadequate even to the expression of poetic meaning. Prose the most rugged and inharmonious may, indeed, give the *sense* of a poem in such a way that your dry grammatical construer may be unable to lay his finger on an error; yet all that gave its weight, its point, its direction, its living power, and arrowy flight to the dead material of the sense, is utterly and irretrievably lost. As the look —the manner—the emphasis—and intonation of the voice, do, even in our common speech, infinitely modify, and oftentimes completely change, the mere grammatical sense of our words, so is the meaning of a poem indissolubly bound up with the rhythmic law of its being—that law which has birth in the mind of the Poet simultaneously with the first burst of his sympathies, gives to the utterance of them their own congenial em-

phasis and intonation, and reciprocrates with them in an unceasing though subtle interchange of powers. That the sense may be divorced from its rhythmic element, and still leave the meaning unimpaired, can, I think, only be maintained by those who believe that rhythm is a something made beforehand or behindhand, imported *ab extra*, and superadded to the already matured thought—that it is the embossment, as it were, and not an inlaid material of the work which makes it what it is.

But if prose destroys the character, and makes havoc even of the meaning of a poem, it follows also as a necessary consequence that even a metrical version not attuned to the *same* rhythmic movement must produce similar results—the manner indeed is far less repulsive, yet the degree of offence is, I think,

equal. If what has been stated relative to the interpretation of rhythm and sense be true, if it be true that both combined make the poetic meaning just what it is, it is, I think, obvious that a version which substitutes any other rhythm but that of the original must totally change the very character of a poem. In the hands of a translator of genius and of skill, such substitution may, and not unfrequently does, give us an equal, nay, sometimes possibly a superior performance to the original; yet his version thereby ceases to be a faithful transcript of that original, whatever may be its claim to praise on other accounts. The preservation, then, of the rhythmic character I hold to be of the essence of faithful translation, and therefore co-ordinate with a strict and accurate rendering of the sense; both combined giving,

and such combination alone having power to give, the full and entire poetic meaning.

It is, then, on the ground of having attempted this combination of rhythm and verbal accuracy that I presume to claim any portion of attention or favour. I have attempted it to the utmost extent which my appreciation of the original, and my power over my own language admitted. By verbal accuracy I do not of course mean the *verbum verbo* denounced in the Horatian code; any more than by the conservation of the rhythm I mean that my version will bear the test of a finger-counting comparison with the original, foot for foot, pause for pause, and rhyme for rhyme. I do not hesitate, however, to declare that this latter was the ideal law which I kept constantly before me; or rather which the demands of my own ear made continually present to me with-

out any conscious efforts. How far I have been enabled to realise outwardly its inward suggestions is a very different affair; the result is now offered to the public, and I shall willingly submit to the decision of those among it, who, well acquainted with the structure of the original, will condescend to examine this attempted transcript of it.

One word as to the language of the original. It is on all hands confessed to be one of the finest specimens of terse, manly, and idiomatic German—this even a foreigner may perceive and feel—and the simpler and less elevated the tone of thought, the more does the expression savour of the kernel of the hearty mother-tongue. There is, however, one matter connected with this head, though belonging rather to the category of style than of language, to which I am anxious to refer, lest the English reader should

attribute to my own indolence or inaptitude what I cannot help considering a defect. I allude chiefly to those confusions, or perhaps I should rather say, rapid successions, of incongruous metaphors common to this with almost every modern German poem; and to the repetition of the same word in the sentence sometimes with the same and sometimes with a modified meaning. These peculiarities I have not thought it within the scope of my duties to alter;—they have therefore been retained throughout, and must, with some other matters in the poem, await their sentence from the judgment-seat of a severe poetic taste. Certainly, no modern English writer would venture on such an accumulation of figures as is sometimes found in the Faust. (A reference to the passages, "To crowding colours," &c. &c., pp. 12, 13, and "Imagination once," &c.

&c., pp. 35, 36, will sufficiently explain my meaning).

We, however, may be now too French and fastidious on this score. What havoc would not "the small critic wielding his delicate pen" make of lines like these, were they to appear in any work subject to his superfine jurisdiction?

> "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
> The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
> Or to *take arms* against a *sea of troubles*,
> And, by opposing, end them!"

especially if, instead of "slings," he should read "stings," as some copies, I think, have it, and which *may* be the Shakspearian reading.

There are other peculiarities, beside and beyond those of mere style, which some, I fear, will think it behoved a translator to condemn to remorseless excision, or at the least to cover

over and conceal. I will at once declare, that I did not feel myself called on to retrench any expression against which a charge of coarseness alone could be directed; and such is, I believe, the sole stigma that can attach to one or two passages of the drama. Let it be recollected, too, that this *is* a drama, and that coarseness in the mouth of the coarse does but shew, by contrast, the beauty of refinement with the refined; let, in fact, the spirit of expansive and congenial criticism be applied to "Faust," and the charge of coarseness will, I think, be found one of its least offences.

The charge of irreverence and profanity which has been brought against the "Prologue" has, I confess, much more weight with me. Coarseness we may defend; and in attempting to shew that it belongs rather to the domain of manners than of morals, we may hope

to gain an auditory. But the defence of only *seeming* profanity is a harder and more ungrateful task; and even success in such defence would be alloyed with deep regret should it, as I fear in this case it would, with many, be obtained by and over the cold intellect alone, leaving the heart unsatisfied amid the wreck of its accustomed associations. The Prologue, then, upon the grounds above alluded to, I have omitted, and this alone. But were it an essential, or even an important, part of the whole work, I am ready to admit that the objections against it having sufficed with me for its exclusion, I ought to have renounced all intention of offering this translation to public notice. But such it decidedly is not; it being as much an after-thought, as it was an after-production. I say this, well knowing all the cant that has been canted about "Die Idee des

Ganzen;" but this we can afford to daff aside when Coleridge, perhaps the first critic that England ever produced, and A. W. Schlegel, the Coryphæus of Germany, are of accord in repudiating all notion of the vaunted "Einheit." Unity it certainly has, but not of the kind which the prostrate admirers of Goethe assert.

A critical examination of the formation of the work would, I think, alone suffice to prove, did not its external history do so beyond all doubt, that it was one of gradual accretion, each process bringing to it something neither contained nor implied in what was already there.

Let me then ask the reader to be persuaded, that if in losing the Prologue he loses a precious thing (for nothing that came from Goethe could fail to have the impress of genius), it is at most but the loss of one jewel (and that perhaps of

ill-auguring light) from a string of jewels; and not the severance of the string itself, which scatters all into confusion.

Yet is "Faust" a marvellous poem—the poem *par excellence* of Germany; and it has not been without regret, and a feeling of dissatisfaction, that I have felt obliged to omit a single portion of it. My sole literary defence rests, I repeat it, on this,—that the part omitted is not essential to the full understanding of the poem.

If in exposing my reasons for this omission, and pointing at the structure of the poem which made such omission possible without essentially damaging it, I have said anything which seems to imply that I hold it to be an imperfect work of art, I must at once disclaim any such opinion. I only maintain that a far ampler and a different "Kritik" must be applied to it than I have yet seen propounded; holding, as I do,

that it is as little of a Tragedy, properly so called, as the "Divina Commedia" is a comedy, in the accepted sense of that term. Perhaps the same reasons which influenced Dante in the choice of a name—the lack of any fitter accepted one—had their effect with Goethe in the choice of his;—for I am inclined to think that, even had he not adopted the dramatic form, he would still have designated it a tragedy. I have no intention of attempting here a critical examination of this "Tragedy," yet I think it may be proved to demonstration that it is *not* a tragedy in the received meaning of the term. Take, for instance, the whole scene in Auerbach's Cellar,—what does the poem, as a tragedy, gain of progression by this? The plot is not a whit helped on by it, either to entanglement or development. The characters of Faust and Mephistopheles receive no

new light, unless, indeed, Faust's reserve, the effect of intense disgust at the hogs before him, can be held more clearly to pourtray his nature. But this can hardly have been in Goethe's mind as a dramatic object of the scene. A feeling of desolation and melancholy at a compelled consortment with the gross, the vulgar, and the mean, in the heart of one of even less refinement than we willingly give Faust credit for (unless, like Mephistopheles, he had buoyancy enough to transmute them into humour), is an effect too common and too obvious to have been the subject of a dramatic purpose. What is it then? A rich and humorous *episode*, like half the second scene, like "The Witch's Kitchen," like even the whole story of poor Margaret. But I will not pursue this subject any further, asking the reader's forgiveness for having said even thus much.

But one word more. If in the former part of this address I have said too much concerning the ends I had in view, and have thereby seemed too plainly to imply my belief that I had in some degree attained them, let none therefore pass to the conclusion that I set any, even the slightest, store by this translation as a literary achievement. I love too deeply the *creative* in art not to appreciate at their just value the lowly office of a translator, and the contemptible merits of even the most successful. The best of us, as such, would not be admitted even as errand-boys on Parnassus.

ERRATA.

Page 12, line 5 from bottom, "sieze," l. "seize."
54, line 5 from bottom, "Here am I Man," l. "Here am I *a* Man."
212, line 3 from top, "Neer," l. "Ne'er."
212, line last but two, "One," l. "On."

FAUST.

Dedication.

ÆTHERIAL SHAPES! and once more come ye nigh?
Who erst in youth through dimming tears were seen!
This time to hold ye shall I haply try?
Still owns my soul the illusions that have been?
Ye are mustering thick! 'tis well!—your ministry
Resume—as parting mists ye mount between;
This heart throbs youthfully in all its strings—
Swept by wierd airs, breathed from your winnowing wings!

Your coming the bright forms of happy days,
And many a dearly cherish'd shade attends;
And like Tradition's half-remember'd lays,
First-love, with Friendship, dimly there ascends!
Back o'er life's erring labyrinthine ways,
With pang renew'd, Sorrow her wild wail sends,
Naming the dear ones, who in youth's fresh morn
Cheated of hope, had left *me* here—forlorn!

Alas! *they* will not hear these latter songs,
The souls—for whom I woke my earliest lay:
Dispersed now are all their plausive throngs,
And the first echoes all have died away!
To the unknown Many now my verse belongs—
Their very praise will on my spirit weigh!
And all who listen'd in delight beside,
If yet they live, are scatter'd far and wide!

Now—towards yon silent, pensive Spirit-domain,
With long unwonted yearnings I aspire;
Flutters, the while, in many a fitful strain
My low-breath'd song, like the Æolian lyre!
I shudder! tear on tear flows out amain,
This manly heart fond tendernesses stir;
All I yet own now as afar I see!
And all I had lost once more comes back to me!

PRELUDE

ON THE STAGE.

MANAGER, DRAMATIC POET, A MERRY FELLOW.

MANAGER.

Ye two! in whom in my sore need
I have so oft good service found,
How think ye, upon German ground,
This undertaking will succeed?
I much desire to please the Public's taste,
The more so as it lives and lets us live;
The posts are driven—the planks too are made fast,
And all expect that we a treat shall give.
See! there they sit, with elevated brow,
Just in the mood to be astonished now!
I know well how they ought to be address'd,
Yet ne'er before in such a strait did feel;
True, they are not accustom'd to the best,
But then they have read such a prodigious deal!

How shall we manage it, that all be new?
And, with instruction, shall be pleasing too?
For fain I am the glorious sight to have,
As towards our booth the eager crowd comes crushing,
And, with reduplicated wave on wave,
In through our narrow gate of grace is rushing:
When in broad day-light—even before four—
With elbows towards the paying-place they're driving;
And, as for bread in famine round a baker's door,
At risk of necks all are for tickets striving:
To the Poet alone minds thus diverse to sway
The miracle belongs! Oh do it, my friend! to-day!

POET.

Oh speak not of that motley multitude,
At sight of whom our genius takes flight!
Oh hide me from that wild tempestuous crowd,
That sucks us in its whirl in our despite!

No! lead me to some sweetest solitude,
Where only blooms the Poet's pure delight;
Where Love and Friendship, with creative art,
Make and sustain a heaven in the heart!

All that hath burst the spirit's silent depths!
All that the timid lips in words have tried,
Ill-chosen now—now, haply, with success!—
Would in that one wild moment be destroy'd;
Labour of patient years!—oftimes no less
Must to the *perfect* product be applied.
The false for one poor moment glares alone,
The true to future ages shall not be unknown.

MERRY FELLOW.

Would I might nothing hear of future ages!
Suppose such theme *my* talk engages,
Pray who would make sport for the present?
For sport they still will have and must!—
A fine lad's presence has, I trust,
Always in it something pleasant.

Who can impart his thoughts in genial vein
  Will ne'er be stung by popular caprice;
To find a larger audience he is fain,
  That he may sway them with the greater ease.
Then courage! come! yourself a good one shew!
  Let Fantasy with all her choirs be pealing,
  With reason, understanding, passion, feeling,
But—mark me well!—not without *foolery* too!

MANAGER.

'Fore all, enough of incidents must be;
Folks come to gaze—like best of all to see.
If at them a good web of these be spun,
  So that the many stare with open eyes,
You will in compass have already won,
  And be a chosen favourite in a trice.
The mass you can subdue with mass alone;
  Each picks out what he feels for him was meant;
Who much brings, brings a portion for each one,
  And, in the end, all leave the house content.
Give you a piece? then give it piecemeal too,

You cannot but succeed with such ragout—
As easily dish'd up too as invented!
What speeds it a great Whole to have presented,
That folks would pull to pieces straight for you?

POET.

And not to feel—that handicraft how mean!
Unto the *genuine* artist how degrading!
That fribble gentry's daubed scene
Thou'rt, as a model e'en, parading!

MANAGER.

I am proof 'gainst such reproaches quite!
One who would do his work aright,
Must seek the tools that are best fit.
Bethink thee! tis soft wood thou hast to split,
And *whom* thou writest for—just see!
While this one's driven hither by ennui,
From dinner that one comes—with dinner-vapours,
And, what the fatallest of all will be,
Full many a one from reading the newspapers.

All gad to us as to a masquerade,
'Tis novelty alone that wings their way;
Ladies their dresses and themselves parade,
And act too with us without pay.
What dream you on your Poet-height?
Think you a full house gives eclat?
Look at your patrons in the light—
They half are cold and half are raw!
This one looks forward to a game at cards—
That, to a wild night on a wench's breast—
What fools are ye! for such rewards
To plague the Muses with unrest!
I say with more, and more, and ever more present it,
Your end will thus be always found—
The Public seek but to astound,
'Tis a hard matter to content it.
—What ails you now?—is it rapture or distress?

POET.

Begone! and seek thyself some other slave!
And shall the Poet then, for thee,

The choicest gifts that Nature gave,
His rights—his rights as man—thus waive?
Cast off with impious prodigality!
By what means sways he every heart?
By what, each element subdues?
Is't not that fine accord with the harmonious Whole,
That from his bosom gushing flows,
Retracting all again upon his soul?
When Nature weaves, in careless mood,
Her web with many a seeming tangle;
When Being's dissonant multitude
Each with the others—harshly jangle!
Who, life-infusing, bids the threads divide?
And makes them rythmically move?
The single calls the general choir beside,
To chime in one accord of love?
Who doth the tempest for wild Passions bring?
For Melancholy—the soft evening's red?
Who all the sweetest blossomings of Spring
Scatters before his lov'd one's tread?

Who to bright coronals for Man's deserts,
Braids else unmeaning flowrets of the field?
Wins them Olympus? 'mongst the Gods inserts?
The POWER—that in the Poet is revealed!

MERRY FELLOW.

Then, prithee! all these fine powers use,
And drive the business of the Muse,
Just as one does a love affair!
One comes at chance—is smitten—lingers there,
And, bit by bit, gets thoroughly entwined;
Now joy mounts up—and now it has declined;
On rapturous pleasure keenest pains advance,
And ere one can look round—'tis even a Romance!
Just in this fashion let us give a play!
Sieze but the pith of human life, I say,
Life that is liv'd by all, yet known to few;
'T must interest,—from any point of view.
To crowding colours give not too much light;
Much error with a dash of truth unite;

Thus will you brew the goodliest drinks, whereby
The world to quicken and to edify.
Then to your play thick-swarming you will find
Youth's fairest flowers—listening the revelation!
Extracts, the while, each melancholy mind
Sweet food, from your congenial creation.
Now this, now that accord being struck, each one
Feels in his heart what response it doth own.
They are ready, or with laughter, or with tears;
Reverence thy flights—the seeming still believe;
Unto the *formed* nothing well done appears;
The *forming* all with thankful hearts receive.

POET.

Then give—oh give *me* back those days,
When still a-forming too was I!
When a fresh fount of living lays
Gush'd forth—unintermittingly!
When mists veiled this bright world!—foretold
Each bud resplendent miracles!

When all the thousand flowers I cull'd
That thickly clustered in the dells!
I had nothing—yet a rich profusion!
The lust for truth—the rapture in illusion!
Unquell'd those instincts let me prove!
Those pleasures edged with keenest pain!
Hate's energy—the might of Love—
Oh, give me back my youth again!

MERRY FELLOW.

Youth, my good friend! thou doubtless much dost need,
When in the battle-field hard-pressed by foes;
Or when a young and bright-eyed maid
Her asking arms about thee throws!
When from the far goal—hard to win—
Beckons the crown of the swift course!
When, after whirling dance, begin
The cups of the night-long carouse!—
But o'er the old familiar chords
With spirit and with grace to sweep;—

Some self-appointed goal towards,
Tho' gaily roving, still to keep!
This is the calling of the old!———
And not less homage shall await thy skill:
Age makes not childish, as we oft are told,
It only finds us all true children still!

MANAGER.

Enough words have been interchang'd;
Let acts at last by me be seen;
Whilst you your compliments arrang'd,
Something that's useful might have been.
What boots the talk of fitting mood?
The undecided ne'er will know it.
Make Poesy your vassal good,
If you proclaim yourself a Poet.
You know exactly what we need;
Strong drafts we fain from you would borrow;
Then to compound them, quick! proceed!
What's not begun to-day, will not be done to-
morrow.

Let slip no day, in weak delay!
Resolve to seize the Possible,
Boldly at once—and hold it well!
Once caught,'twill not soon get away,
And you work on *per force* from day to day.

On these our German boards, you know,
What his taste dictates each may try;
Therefore, this evening, spare not you
For scenes or for machinery!
Bid both Heaven's great and lesser light appear!
Scatter the stars, too, at your will!
Of water and fire, of rock and hill,
Of beast and bird—no lack is here!
And in our narrow booth then go,
The circle of creation through;
Hastening—with changes ponder'd well,
From Heaven thro' the World—to Hell.

Night.

A high-roofed and narrow gothic CHAMBER.
FAUST *is sitting restlessly at his Desk.*

FAUST.

Now, with most earnest zeal, have I——
  Philosophy and Medicine,
Law, and—worse speed!—Divinity,
  Toiled through—and thoroughly made mine!
And here I am! with all my lore,
The very fool I was before!
Am Master dubb'd—aye! Doctor too!—
And ten years have been leading now,

This way and that way—in and out—
My scholars by the nose about—
To see that we can nothing know!
Oh, this it is that maddens me so!
I am wiser, 'tis true, than your babbling tribes
Of masters, and doctors, and priests, and scribes;
No scruples have I, or doubts, to perplex me;
No fear of the devil or hell to vex me;
And *therefore* am robbed too of all delight!
No dreams have I that I know what is right,
No dreams have I that my wit can find
New ways to reform, and amend mankind—
And then I have neither money nor land,
No splendour or state at my command;
A life like this no dog could abide!—
Therefore to Magic have I applied,
If haply spiritual powers avail
Many deep secrets to reveal;
That I no more, with burning brow,
May preach of what I do not know;

But be empower'd to recognise
All Nature's central agencies,
Her primal seeds of Life and Power,
And drive this trade of words no more!

Oh would that thou, full-orbed Moon!
Wert now the last time looking down
Upon my travail!—thou! whose light
I have watch'd so many a still midnight,
When o'er this desk, with papers spread,
Sweet friend! thy tender beams were shed.
Oh could I *now*, in thy lov'd light,
O'er yonder mountain-tops take flight,
With Spirits round mountain-caverns hover,
Flit the mist-wreathed meadows over;
—All pangs of knowledge gone—renew
My heart, and bathe it in thy dew!

Oh! am I in this stifling cell—
This curst brick-dungeon—gasping still?

Where e'en Heaven's blessed light breaks through
The painted panes, with sadden'd hue!
Which heaps of books so closely stuff,
  Wormeaten—over-spread with dust;
And from the floor, up to the roof,
  Mid rolls of smoke-stain'd paper thrust!
Set round with many a case and glass—
  Cumber'd with many an instrument—
  'Mongst old ancestral lumber pent—
Here is thy world—thy *world*—alas!

And ask'st thou, still, why all thy breast
  Is with tumultuous throbbings fill'd?
Why pangs of undefin'd unrest
  Thy life's warm motion so have chill'd?
In lieu of living Nature's power—
  Thine—by the great Creator's plan!
Mid smoke and mould, around thee lower
  Grim skeletons of beast and man!

Up! Up! away to some far land!
And this mysterious volume!—writ
With Nostradamus' proper hand—
What need of other guide than it?
'Twill shew the laws of starry skies—
With Nature for thy mistress too,
On thee essential Power shall rise,
And speak—as Spirits with Spirits do!
In vain, those symbols to expound,
The barren Sense was poring there!
Ye Spirits—ye are hovering round,
Oh answer, if my voice ye hear!

[*He opens the Book, and catches sight of the* SIGN *of the* MACROCOSM.

Ah me! what rapture, from this look so bright,
At once on all my frame is gushing!
Again youth's fresh and tingling delight
Through every nerve and vein is rushing!
Was it a GOD these signs traced out?—
That are this inward tumult stilling!

This lorn heart are with rapture filling!
And with deep instincts—all about—
The powers of nature to mine eyes unveiling!
Am *I* a God? on me such light hath broken!
I see, in these pure lineaments,
NATURE *in act* laid bare unto my sense!
Now first perceive I what the Sage hath spoken:
"The World of Spirits is not shut,
"*Thy sense* is closed—*thy heart* is dead;
"Up, Student! up! Earth's stains wash out,
"In the fresh dews of the morning-red."
[*He gazes intently on the Sign.*
How All into the Whole is weaving!
This one in that for ever working—living!
The heavenly Powers ascend—descend by turns,
And to each other hand the golden Urns!
Upon swift pinions—bliss-exhaling,
See them, from Heaven, through Earth's dominions sailing,
While sounds of concords sweet—all through the ALL are pealing!

What gorgeous shows—alas *but* shows—are here!
Where may I grasp thee—infinite Nature!
where?
Where Oh ye Breasts? ye fountains of all living
On whom all Heaven and Earth depend;
Towards you *this* sickly breast doth tend—
Ye gush—ye stream—and vain is all its striving?
[*He turns over the leaves of the Book with impatience, and catches sight of the* SIGN *of the* SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.
How different is the influence of *this* Sign!
Thou—Spirit of Earth! to me art nigher!
I feel my powers already higher!
And I glow as with new wine!
Into the world I now could boldly forth,
To bear the woe—to bear the weal of Earth;
To make myself the playfellow of storms,
And quail not amid Shipwreck's hoarse alarms!
Clouds are gathering o'er me!
The Moon withdraws her light!

The lamp burns dead!
Exhalations arise
And athwart mine eyes
The fires flash red!
A freezing breath
Is breath'd on me, the vaulted roof beneath!
Yes! yes! THOU hoverest near—Spirit long-sought!
Reveal thee to my view!
Hah! how my heart is wrought
To movements rapt and wild!
And feelings new
Rush my stirr'd senses through!
My heart is all surrender'd to thy sway!
Thou must—thou must appear! e'en though my life should pay!

[*He seizes the Book, and pronounces mysteriously the* SIGN OF THE SPIRIT—*a reddish flame flashes up, and the Spirit appears therein.*

SPIRIT.

Who calls on me?

FAUST.

Horrible shape!

SPIRIT.

With violence hast thou brought me here!
Hast long been pulling at my sphere!
And now——— ?

FAUST.

The sight I cannot bear!

SPIRIT.

Thou hast longed intensely my form to behold,
On my features to gaze—my voice to hear!
Obedient now to thy passionate prayer
Behold me!—Hah! what shuddering cold
Shakes thee—thee—more than man? where is the Soul's behest?
Where now the world-creating, world-sustaining breast?

The breast world-nurturing?—that in extatic pride
Swelled up to *Us*—the Spirits—self-deified!
Where art thou—Faust? whose voice upon me rung,
Whose every energy unto me clung!
Is this the man? whom e'en my breath doth blast,
Who in his inmost soul stands there aghast—
A timorous—writhing worm!

FAUST.

Shall I yield to thee, thou fiery form?
'Tis I—'tis Faust, and thy compeer!

SPIRIT.

In Life's ebb and flow—in Actions'-storm,
I float here and float there,
Hither—thither I wave!
Birth and the Grave—
A shoreless Ocean—
Ever-eddying Motion—
Changefully weaving—
Glowfully living!

Ever thus at Time's whirring wheel sit I,
And work the live vest of the Deity!

FAUST.

Spirit! who round the wide world ever weavest
Thine untired course—how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou art mate for the Spirit whom thou conceivest,
Not me! [*Vanishes.*

FAUST.

Not thee?
For whom then?
I—Image of the Deity—
Not even mate for thee!

[*A knock at the door*

,Sdeath!—'tis my Famulus—his step I know!
My fairest fortunes brought to nought!
These visions, with rich glory fraught,
That drawling dullard will lay low!

Enter WAGNER, *in dressing gown and night cap, with a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns round with signs of impatience.*

WAGNER.

Your pardon, Sir! I heard you at recitation—
Reading, I guess now, a Greek tragedy?
I fain, therefrom would draw edification!
For now-a-days that art ranks very high—
And I have heard say, that a Comedian
May oft instruct even a priestly man.

FAUST.

Aye! when your Priest is a Comedian only,
Which now is not unfrequently the case.

WAGNER.

Alas! if to our study banished lonely,
We do but see the world on holidays,
Afar and dim—as through a telescope!
How to persuade it can one ever hope?

FAUST.

If feeling prompt not, you in vain essay!
If from the soul it gush not free,
If every heart it do not sway,
With self-born, genial mastery!
Be at it ever! patch and glue!
From another's feast cook up your hashes,
And a small puddering flame up-blow,
Out of your wretched heap of ashes—
Wonder of every child and ape!—
If you such ambition own;
Yet heart to heart will never shape,
What from your own heart hath not gone!

WAGNER.

Yet Elocution shews the speaker's skill?
I fear I am very much behind-hand still!

FAUST.

What 's worth thine aim—*that* only seek!
Be not a hollow tinkling fool!
Good feeling and good sense to speak
Hath little need of art or rule!

When matter earnestness affords,
What skills the nice hunt after words?
No! all those phrases ye so dazzling find,
Wherein pared Manhood's chips ye so are curling,
Are as unquickening as the dank mist-wind
That through the sounding woods the autumnal leaves is whirling!

WAGNER.

Oh Lord! how long is Art!
How short our time for living!
Oftimes despair comes o'er me—head and heart!—
Amid my learned striving!
Alas! how hard it is the means to attain,
Whereby to climb up to those fountains high!
And, when the middle point we e'en *do* gain,
Then a poor devil must, peradventure, die!

FAUST.

Your parchment then! is that the holy spring,
A draught from which will quench for aye your thirst?

Nought to your soul fresh quickening power will bring,
Which from *its* living fountain hath not burst!

WAGNER.

And yet—excuse me! 'tis a pleasure high
To seize the spirit of the times gone by;
To learn how wise men have, before us, thought,
And handled what *we* now so high have brought!

FAUST.

Yes brought, God wot! star-high!—
My friend! the records of times gone by
Are as a seven-fold sealed book!
But what the "spirit of the times" men call
Is their own proper spirit after all,
Wherein the times find their reflected look.
And sad distortions often come therefrom!
At the first glance one starts away!—
A refuse-tub and lumber-room,
At best a poor, itinerant's play,

With excellent pragmatic maxims fraught!
How well the puppets' tongues the trick have caught!

WAGNER.

Yet of the world—man's heart and spirit—
All, sure, of this would something know?

FAUST.

Yes! if of "knowledge" the name it merit—
Who on the bantling dares its proper name bestow?
The few, who aught of lore profound have learn'd,
And who their full hearts—fondly! have not seal'd;
Have to the world their feelings—views revealed;
These hath it ever crucified and burn'd!
But prithee now—'tis growing late; my friend!
We must our conference, for the present, end.

WAGNER.

I could for ever keep awake,
So learnedly with you to speak!
But yet—to-morrow—morn of Easter Day,
Some other points resolve for me, I pray!

I have most diligent and studious been;
Much do I know, 'tis true—yet to know all am
fain. [*Exit.*

FAUST *(solus).*

How Hope still lingers only in a mind,
That constant cleaves to all insipid things!
Searching for wealth with greedy burrowings,
And passing glad if it but earth-worms find!

And that rude mortal voice!—how dared it so
Disturb those Visions' glorious array?
Yet ah! this once my thanks to thee I owe,
Thou meanest of the meanest sons of clay!
Yes! thou didst timely pluck me from despair,
That fast was overcoming my weak nature—
That Phantom came with such a giant air,
That I shrunk dwarf'd before its mighty stature!

I—Image of the Godhead—to the Mirror
Of Truth eternal glorying in fancied nearness!

Soul-jubilant!—in light and heavenly clearness
Purged of all earth-born error!
I—more than Cherub! whose course of power and wonder,
Commixt with hers, thro' Nature's veins was glowing,
Whose energies to Godlike heights were growing—
These daring dreams I had—alas how now am ruing!
Torn from them all by one dread voice of thunder!

No! no! to mate with thee I may not dare!
If I had power to drag thee from thy sphere,
I had none alas to keep thee here!
In that solemn moment's space
I felt myself so mean—so great!
And thou drovest me from thy face
Back on this life's uncertain fate!
Who now will teach me what to do—what shun?
Shall I that impulse high obey?

Alas! all things we suffer'd have, or done,
They clog alike our life's whole way.

Conceptions—noblest that the mind e'er knew!
Are in their growth debased with strange alloy
And, if aught good we here attain unto,
We hold the *Better* for vain mockery;
High feelings—once the Being of our life,
Grow cold, amid the world's tumultuous strife!

Imagination, once, on daring pinion,
Flush'd with high hopes sped through Infinity!
Now is small space her large enough dominion—
Time's whirlpool sucking down each precious argosy!
In the deep heart Care forthwith builds her nest;
There breeds the pains of vague unrest—
Rocking to and fro alway,
She drives all joy and peace away!
For ever putting on some fresh disguises,
Be it house and farm—or wife and daughter,

Be it dagger—poison—fire or water,
She scares thy heart with false surmises;
Makes thee at vain alarms turn pale,
And what thou ne'er wilt lose bids thee as lost bewail!

No! no! with Spirits I have no fellowship,
But with the worm that in the dust doth creep,
And, 'mid the self same dust while it doth feed,
Lies crushed and buried by the passer's tread.

Is it *not* dust? all that confines me here!
This frippery in all its thousand forms
Crammed in these pigeon holes—the pedlar-ware—
That throngs me in this world of moths and worms?
Here shall my wants be satisfied? to glean,
Haply, from all these volumes ranged around,
That men have ever self-tormentors been,
And, here and there, a happy one been found!
Thou hollow Scull! why grinnest at me there?

Save that thy brain, like mine, with vain thoughts
once did throng!
Sought the bright day, and in the twilight drear
With all its love for truth went lamentably wrong!
Ye Instruments! ye mock me too, I ween,
Wheel! pinion! pulleys! screw and lever!
I placed me at the Gate—ye should the keys
have been!
Though complex are your wards—yet the bolt
spring ye never!
Mysterious e'en in broad daylight,
Nature will ne'er unveil her to thy view,
And what she freely yields not to thy sight,
Thou striv'st in vain to wrest with lever or with
screw.
Old Lumber! that hast stood me in no stead!
Thou art only here because thou wert my sire's;
Old Rolls! ye have with smoke-dust been be-
spread,
Long as this desk hath known my lamp's dim
fires!

To have spent my little all far better were
Than thus beneath that little's weight to groan;
All that thou tak'st as thy forefathers' heir
Enjoy—that it may truly be thine own.
What we not use is but a weighty care,
And what each moment may use *itself* brings
too alone.

Yet wherefore are mine eyes attracted there,
As if that phial were a lodestar bright?
Wherefore is all at once so lovely clear,
As when amid dark woods breathes round us
the moonlight?

I greet thee, precious Phial!—take thee thence,
Into my hands with seemly reverence,
And in thee honour man's high art!—
Soul of all balmiest slumber-dews!
Of deadly powers essential juice!
Thy grace now to thy lord impart!

I see thee!—soothed is my distress!
I hold thee!—and the strife grows less!
The Spirit's flood ebbs by degrees away—
I am call'd forth to the Sea with beckonings sweet,
The mirrory wave lies glistening at my feet—
To other shores invites another day!

A fiery chariot—borne on lightest pinions,
Comes wavering down! My heart now summons me,
On a new track to pierce thro' Air's dominions,
Up to new spheres of pure Activity!
This extacy! this new and godlike birth!
How art thou—worm erewhile! deserving?
Yes! to the cheering sun of earth
But turn thy back, with will unswerving!
But dare the barriers to tear down,
That each one willingly slinks by!
'Tis time that it by deeds be shewn,
Man equals God in dignity!

To stand unquailing o'er that dark abyss,
Whereto herself self-torturing Fancy damns!
To strive for that dread pass, where coil and hiss
Around its narrow gorge Hell's flapping flames!
Thyself to the plunge right gaily to address,
At peril e'en of sinking into nothingness!

Hither to me! thou chrystal Goblet clear,
From thine antique case come out—
On thee I have not thought this many a year!
Once didst thou glitter at my father's feasts,
Gladdening the heart of serious guests—
Passing from hand to hand about.
This rich array of figures on thee wrought,
Which the strong drinker must in rhymes explain,
And at one draught thy ample contents drain—
Hath many a youthful night to memory brought!
I ne'er shall pass thee to a neighbour more,
Or shew my merry wit upon thy lore!

Here is a juice makes drunk with little warning,
Its brown flood soon fills full thy cavity;
That which these hands prepar'd—that which I
now will try—
Be this—my last drink—drunken zealously—
A greeting offer'd to this festal morning!

[*Raises the goblet to his lips.*

A PEAL OF BELLS AND CHORAL CHAUNTING.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen!
Glory and Victory
To Him! whom th' hereditary
Creeping infirmity
Of sad Humanity
Held awhile in its prison!

FAUST.

That chaunt's low murmur!—those clear-voicing
bells!
How from my lips they pluck the cup away!
And is it that their solemn music tells
Of the first dawn of Holy Easter-Day?

Ye choirs! and chaunt ye that consoling chaunt,
Which once, amid the darkness of the grave,
Angelic lips resounding gave—
Assurance firm of a new Covenant?

Chorus of Women.

We spread spices duly
His body about;
We—loving him truly,
Had laid him out!
Swathes and napkins we bound
Around him with care;
Alas! and we 've found
Our Christ no more here!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen!
Joy with the Loving,
Who endured the grief-moving—
Wholesome—fierce-proving
Trial for a season!

FAUST.

Ye Heavenly tones! so solemn and so sweet!
Why do ye seek me here amid the dust?
Peal there where softer bosoms ye may greet!
I hear your message—but want Faith to trust.
Your miracle is Faith's beloved child!—
I dare not venture up into those spheres,
From whence those accents mild
Of the glad tidings pour!
And yet—that chaunt—unto my ears,
Familiar from my boyish years,
Calls me e'en now back into life once more!

Once did I feel the balmy kiss of Heaven,
In the deep stillness of the Sabbath-rest;
High meanings to the bells' rich peals were given,
And prayer was then to me a rapture blest!
Strange yearnings—deep and strange! in those fresh years
Drove me to roam thro' wood and up-land lawn;

And, mid a flood of scalding tears,
I felt a *World* upon me dawn.
Youth's joyous sports—Springtide's free festivals,
Were harbinger'd by that emphatic lay,
And Memory now, with childlike feelings, calls
My heart from that last awful deed away!
Oh then peal on! ye anthemings divine!
My tears flow fast—Earth I again am thine!

Chorus of Disciples.

He who did lie
In the grave for a time,
Self-raised on high,
Now liveth sublime!

To Glory is near
To the fountain of Life and Joy!
Alas! and we still are here
To bear earth's annoy!

He left us—his own—
  Here below to pine!
Master! we groan
  For a lot like thine!

Chorus of Angels.

Christ is arisen
  Out of Corruption's lap!
Break loose from the prison
  Of sin and mishap!
In deeds Him be shewing!
With zeal for Him glowing!
Love manifesting!
Brethren-like feasting!
Travelling and teaching!
Blessedness preaching!
To you is your Master near!
For your sakes is here!

Outside of the Town-gate.

All sorts of people coming out of it, on foot.

A PARTY OF HANDICRAFTSMEN.

Why are you hurrying that way so?

A SECOND OF THE LIKE.

The Jäger-House we are going to.

THE FORMER.

But we will stroll towards the Mill.

A HANDICRAFTSMAN.

I recommend the Wasser-hof.

A SECOND HANDICRAFTSMAN.

The walk to it is not pretty enough.

THE SECOND PARTY.

And whither thou?

A THIRD HANDICRAFTSMAN.

Where'er the others will.

A FOURTH.

Come up to Burgdorf—you 'll find there
The nicest girls, and very best of beer—
And cudgel-rows in gallant style.

A FIFTH.

Wild madcap fellow! how?—
The two last times did not you get enow?
My bones ache still—I'll not go there a while!

A SERVANT GIRL.

I'll back to the town! I'll not go on with thee—

A SECOND.

Hard by the Poplars there he 's sure to be.

THE FIRST.

That 's no great things for *me* I ween!
He 'll e'er be dangling after thee!
With thee alone he dances on the green;
What are thy pleasures, pray, to me?

SECOND.

He is certain not to come alone to-day,
He 'll bring young Curl-pole as I heard him say.

A STUDENT.

Zounds! see how those brave wenches stride!
Brother! come on, let 's get up alongside.
Beer that makes muzzy—'bacco that doth bite—
And a lass in full fig—these now are my delight.

SOME CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS.

Those handsome youths! now do but see!
'Tis really shameful what they 're doing!
Might have the best of all society,
And after those low girls are going!

SECOND STUDENT *(to first)*.

Now not so fast! for there 's a pair
Of neatly dressed ones, just behind;
And one 's my little neighbour fair,
A girl that 's greatly to my mind:
Tho' walking now with step demure,
They 'll let us join them in the end I'm sure.

FIRST STUDENT.

No! No! for such highflyers I 'll not stop!
Quick! lest the game we have started we be missing:
She who on Saturdays trundles her mop,
Best understands the Sunday-work of kissing.

A CITIZEN.

No! I don't like our new Burgomaster at all,
He every day grows more tyrannical—
What does *he* do for the good of the town?
Don't matters still get worse and worse?
More calls than ever on our purse?
And fresh restraints upon us thrown?

A BEGGAR *(singing)*.

Ye gentle sirs and ladies fair,
So rosy-cheek'd and gay of dress!
Unto your suppliant give ear,
Behold and succour his distress!
Let me not sing in vain my lay!
Happy alone whose hand is free;

This day—for all a holiday,
Be it a harvest-day for me!

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

On Sundays and Saint's-days there 's nothing to my mind
Like a good talk of war and war's alarms;
When 'gainst each other folks are up in arms,
A good way off—in Turkey there, behind.
One sits at the window--drinks his glass or so--
And sees the gay ships gliding down the river;
And in the evening to his home he 'll go,
And peace and peaceful times bless more than ever!

A THIRD.

Ay! neighbour!—that 's just my mind too!
Let 'em crack crowns for what I care;
And all things helter-skelter go—
So things at home 'bide as they are.

AN OLD WOMAN.

[*To some citizens' daughters.*

My stars, how smart! sweet things of bounding blood!

How the young fellows *will* stare to be sure !
Come, not so proud ! Ay—ay—'tis very good,
What you desire I know how to procure.

ONE OF THE CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS.

Come, Agatha—I do not care to go
With such old witches on a public road :
On last St. Andrew's-night she shewed me, though,
My future sweetheart all in flesh and blood !

THE OTHER.

She made mine in the glass appear,
Among a daring troop—in soldier guise ;
I look about and seek him everywhere,
But he will nowhere meet mine eyes.

SOLDIERS (*singing*).

Towns where high turrets
And battlements rise !
Maidens with haughty
Scorn in their eyes !—
These be my prize,
Bold is the venture,
The guerdon is great !

We muster our ranks
At the bugle's sound,
For a soldier's delight
Or his grave on the ground—
What raptures abound
In a storming fight!

They must surrender,
Both Maiden and Town;
Bold is the venture,
The guerdon is great;
—And then the Soldier
Beats a retreat.

Enter FAUST *and* WAGNER.

FAUST.

From ice are stream and streamlet freed,
By the Spring's warm and genial breath!
Sweet Promise greens the vale beneath—

Old Winter now, with palsied tread,
Back to his mountains bare hath fled :
Thence hurls he only a parthian shower
  Of the ineffectual granular hail,
  In patches, over the verdant dale.—
But the Sun no white will endure—
Growing and striving are everywhere !
All things put on a colouring fair !
Tho' no flowers as yet the Landscape grace,
Gay men and maidens supply their place.
Turn thee about—from these heights look down,
Over the Plain, towards the Town !
That motley swarm of men behold
Pour thro' the vaulted gateway old !
Each with such joy basks to-day in the Sun,
Keeping holy the Lord's resurrection !
For they are now themselves arisen !—
  From their mean hovels' narrow room,
From the looms' and the workshops' sordid prison,
  From roofs' and gables' oppressive gloom,

From crowded streets and noisome alleys,
And from the churches' solemn night—
Are they all brought forth into light!

But see, now! see! how the multitude sallies
Over the gardens and over the fields;
See! how the river, in breadth and length,
Its breast to the dancing wherries yields—
Laden almost above its strength
Yon last little bark to the stream doth sway!
Over the hill-tops, far away,
Flash the colours of garments gay!
List to yon hamlet's humming noise!
Here is the multitude's paradise!
Both small and great exulting run—
Here am I Man—here dare be one!

WAGNER.

To walk with you, Sir Doctor! I must own,
Brings honour and advantage too.—Yet I
Would here on no account be seen alone—
Because I do so hate vulgarity!

This skittle-playing, shouting, catgut-scraping,
Is the most hateful of all sounds to me!
As if the devil drove they are roaring—leaping—
And call it pleasure—call it harmony!

PEASANTS UNDER THE LINDEN-TREE.

Dance and Song.

The Shepherd for the Dance was drest
In ribands, wreath, and scarlet vest—
Right bravely was he shewing!
The Linden its full circle had,
And all were dancing there like mad!
Ta-là—li-lò,
Ta-la-ra, la-ra, lira-lò,
The Fiddle-stick was going.

Into the ring he quickly broke,
And to a maiden gave a poke—
His arms a-kimbo throwing;
The buxom wench turn'd round her head,
And that is stupid of you," said,

Ta-là—li-lò,
Ta-la-ra, la-ra, lira-lò—
" Don't be such manners shewing."

Yet merrily still the sport advanced,
And right they danced, and left they danced,
And every gown was bowing ;
And all were red, and all were warm,
And rested, panting, arm in arm,
Ta-là—li-lò,
Ta-la-ra, la-ra, lira-lò—
Each, jutting hips—elbowing.

" Now with such liberties have done !
Ere now his bride hath many a one
Befool'd to her undoing."
But still he coaxed her on one side,
And from the Linden sounded wide
Ta-là—li-lò,
Ta-la-ra, la-ra, lira-lò—
Screams—with the fiddle going.

AN OLD PEASANT.

Now, Doctor! it was right good of you to walk
So unceremoniously forth this morning,
And mingle in the crowd of us poor folk,
With such an awful power of learning!
Then take, I pray, this goodly jug,
That we have here with cool drink fill'd,
I hand it—wishing that your thirst
Not only may thereby be still'd,
But that—as many drops as are therein,
So many added days your life may win!

FAUST.

I drink the cooling draught with zeal,
And bid you in return thanks, and all hail!

(*The Peasants gather round him in a circle.*)

OLD PEASANT.

Ay! 'twas indeed well done of you
To come forth on this joyful day!
For many and many a time, 'tis true,
In evil days you have been our stay:

Many to-day are standing here
Alive, from the burning fever's rage
Snatched by your poor father's care,
When he the Pestilence did assuage!
And you, too—a mere stripling then—
In every sick man's house were found,
And many a corpse was thence borne out,
But you escaped, quite safe and sound!
Many a trial sore you then did prove;
But to the Helper came the Helper from above!

ALL.

All health, then, with our tried friend be!
And, still to help us, long live he!

FAUST.

To Him above, the knee in reverence bend,
Who teacheth how to help, and help doth send!

[*Passes on with* WAGNER.

WAGNER.

What feelings must be thine, illustrious Sir!
At this thy reverence in the people's eyes—

Thrice happy he on whom his faculties,
Such glorious privileges can confer!
The father shews thee to his son;
All ask—and press—and hurry on;
The fiddle stops—the dancers pause;
Thou goest—the crowd falls back in rows;
Caps fly into the air with glee,
And almost do they bend the knee,
As pass'd the Venerabile!

FAUST.

But a few steps more—up to yonder stone . . . .
We will sit down a while, and rest us, here;
Here oft immersed in thought I have sat, alone,
Tormenting me with fasting and with prayer!
Rich then in Hope—and firm in Faith,
I deem'd, to sobs and bitter tears was given
Power to compel the Lord of Heaven
To stay that plague of death!—
The Crowd's applause sounds now like mockery—
Oh! couldst thou penetrate my inmost heart,

And read—both sire and son! how little we
Of such applause deserve the smallest part!
My Father was of moody melancholy.—
In simple faith, yet in peculiar guise,
To Nature he, and Nature's circles holy,
Applied his painful whimsicalities!
He, in the company of his adepts,
In the swart kitchen then fast closed,
By virtue of a world of quaint receipts
Rebellious opposites together fused.
There was the tawny Lion—a bold wooer,
In lukewarm bath with the fair Lily wed;
Then both, fierce-tortured by fire's unscreen'd power,
Were driven from one to another bridal bed;
Up-rose thereon, in colours' various pride,
The young Queen, in the chrystal bell—
This was our medicine—the patients died,
And no one put the question—Who got well?

Thus we with that electuary of Hell,
Here, over mountain and thro' dell,
Worse than the Pestilence did scourge the land.
Myself the poison did to thousands give,
They pined, and died—and I must live!—
To see them kiss the murderer's hand!

WAGNER.

Why let such things disturb your heart?
Does not a man act well and honourably,
If he a great traditionary art
Practise with care and punctuality?
If on thy sire, in youth, thou hast reliance,
To learn from him thou then wilt take delight;
And if, in manhood, *thou* enlargest science,
Thy son may then attain to greater height.

FAUST.

Thrice happy he whose heart with hope still glows
To escape this sea of errors through!
Alas! that which we know not we would use—
And we know not to use that which we know.

But let not melancholy thoughts like these
Sadden the bounty of the hour—for lo!
How gleam afar those green-cirqued cottages,
Steep'd in the warm hues of the sun-set's glow.
See there! he dips—he sinks—the Day is o'er!
To new realms gone! and new life quickening!
Oh! lift me from the Earth! that I may soar
Still in his track with never-flagging wing!
To see a world still stretched out at my feet,
Beneath an everlasting Evening's beams;
Each height on fire—each vale in slumber sweet;
And silvery brooks burst into golden streams—
No barriers, then, to this my god-like flight,
Or craggy hills, or intricate defiles!
The Sea, with all his heated coves, unveils
His broad expanse upon my ravish'd sight!
But see! the God's last glories sink—
But the new yearning wakes within the mind—
Still press I on—his light eterne to drink,
The Day before me, and the Night behind!

The Heavens above me, and beneath, the Sea!
A beauteous dream!—the while he fades from sight!
Alas! no bodily wingings e'er may be
Companions of the Spirit's flight!
Yet each one owns that impulse high,
To wing his upward—forward way—
When o'er us, lost in the blue sky,
The Lark rings out his thrilling lay!
Or when the expanded Eagle sweeps
Over the mountain pine-wood's gloom;
When over tarn and marshland keeps
The Crane right onward to his home!

WAGNER.

I, too, have had my strange fantastic hour,
Yet of that impulse never felt the power;
On fields and woods one soon don't care to look;
I ne'er could envy any bird his wings—
What different pleasures those that the *Mind* brings

Roving from page to page—from book to book!
How bright and cheerful the long winter nights!
What pleasurable stirrings in the soul!—
If we a precious manuscript unroll,
Oh, then indeed we feel all Heaven's delights!

FAUST.

One only impulse dost thou feel,
Oh learn that other impulse never!
Two Souls within *my* bosom dwell,
And one would from the other sever.
This to the world in fond affection clings,
Held down and chained here indissolubly;
That the dun Region pierces with bold wings
Up to the Fields of its high Ancestry!
Oh! be there Spirits in the air
That betwixt Heaven and Earth a realm inherit!
Then from yon golden woof descend! and bear
To new and many-coloured Life my Spirit!

If but a Magic mantle now were mine
To speed me unto lands unknown, afar!
Not for all robes that richest, costliest are,
Not for a Regal mantle, would I pine!

WAGNER.

Invoke not thus that well-known troop of Sprites
That weave their circles thro' the eddying air,
And perils manifold and strange affrights
From every quarter of the Heavens prepare!
Rush on thee from the caverns of the North
The sharp-fang'd Spirits, with their arrowy tongues;
From the parch'd Orient now they issue forth,
And slake their burning thirst upon thy lungs!
The South now sends them from his wildernesses,
Fires after fires to coil about thy brain!
Then the West brings his swarm, that first refreshes,
Then drenches thee, the fields, and pastured plain!

FAUST.

Heh with us boy!—come along here!

WAGNER.

His ways are all right poodle-queer:
He'll wait at guard when you stand still;
Speak—and he jump upon you will;
Lose aught—he'll bring it to you quick,
And plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUST.

Thou 'rt right! I find no trace remaining
Of goblin kind—'twas all the effect of training.

WAGNER.

E'en a wise man may like the company
Of a dog—if he well-educated be;
Nay! e'en thy favour he may well engage,
He, who to students owes his tutorage.

(They pass into the Gate of the Town.)

Study.

FAUST *enters with the Poodle.*

FAUST.

From field and valley, I am come,
Where Night her sombre shades had spread;
Waking, mid that mysterious gloom,
Our better soul to holy dread!

All wild, inordinate desires,
All stormy acts, to silence awed!
The love of our own kind now stirs,
Within us stirs the love of God!

Poodle, be quiet—fidget not thus about,
Why art snuffling so at the sill of the door?

Behind the stove there stretch thee out,
On my best cushion!—what wouldst thou more?
As thou hast, in our mountain rambles,
With running and bounding amused us and pleased,
So now, in-doors, have done with thy gambols,
And welcome be, if a quiet guest!

Ah, when within our cell confined,
Once more the cheering taper glows,
Then all is bright too in the mind,
And in the heart itself that knows!

Reason once more begins to speak,
Hope, to put forth her blossomings;
We long the streams of life to seek,
Yea, even to life's primal springs!

Growl not, Poodle!—with the tones all holy,
That now fill full my inmost being,

That bestial noise is ill agreeing !
We know indeed that men deride as folly
What they not understand—
At the Good and Beautiful—unto the Soul
Oft wearisome—are wont to growl !
These—will this dog, like them—behowl ?
But ah ! I feel, tho' striving all my best,
No more content will well within this breast !—
Yet wherefore hath the stream so soon gone dry,
And left me in that torturing thirst to lie,
Wherewith I so oft before was burning ?
Yet is there that which well this want supplies ;
Now learn we heavenly things to prize,
For Revelation are we yearning !
Which nought to us in such clear light hath sent,
And kindling words, as the New Testament.
To ope the primitive text I now do long !
And with feelings, steadfast all—
Translate the holy original
Into mine own beloved mother tongue.

[*He opens a Volume and addresses himself to it.*

'Tis writ—" In the beginning was the WORD."
Here I stick fast; who'll further aid afford?
The Word I may not thus unduly prize—
I therefore must translate it otherwise.
If that the Spirit its true light now lends,
'Tis writ—" In the beginning was the SENSE."
The first lines ponder well again,
Lest o'erhurried be thy pen.
Is it the Sense—that broods creation o'er?
'T should stand—" In the beginning was the POWER."
Yet at the very time I write it so,
There's something warns me that this will not do.
Boldly I write then, with the Spirit's aid,
Thus—" In the beginning was the DEED."

If that my chamber you would share,
Then, Poodle, forbear
From snarling and growling!
Forbear from that howling!

Such a troublesome comrade I
May not well abide thus nigh!
And one of the two
From this cell must go.
I violate unwillingly
The laws of hospitality;
But the door is open now,
And thou hast free space to go.

But hah! what here have we?
Can it natural be?
Is it shadow, or is it reality?
  In breadth and in length
  He swells up in strength—
This is no Poodle's form that I see!
What Goblin is it I 've got in the house?
He 's now like a Hippotamus,
With eyes of fire,
And fang'd teeth dire!—

Mine thou surely shalt be!
For a half-born of Hell, like thee,
Good will be Solomon's key.

SPIRITS (*in the Corridor*).

Within, in the trap, there is one!
Tarry without!—follow him none!
As a fox in the gin,
An old Lynx of Hell is quaking within!
But heed ye and heed,
And speed ye and speed!
Along and across,
Float ye and toss,
And he will be freed!
If aid ye can give him,
In the lurch do not leave him,
For we all much have won
From the deeds he hath done.

FAUST.

First, the Beast to encounter well,
Use we now the fourfold spell:—

Salamander! glow in fire;
Undine! winding play;
Sylph! vanish away;
Kobold! thyself bestir.

Who hath no sense
Of the elements,
Their energies
And properties,
No power inherits
Over Spirits!

Vanish in a fiery glow,
Salamander!
Gushingly together flow,
Undine!
Beam in meteoric beauty,
Sylph!
And perform household duty,
Incubus! Incubus!
Come forth, and dissolve the charm for us.

Not one of the four
O'er the Beast hath power!
Unmoved he lies, and grins at me!
As yet he is unscathed and free.
Now hear me recite
A spell of more might!

Art thou—tell—
A truant from Hell?
Then behold this Sign,
'Fore which incline
Hell's swarthy bands!

His coat with bristles stiff upstands.

Reprobate Being!
Him art thou seeing?
The Unoriginate!
The Unenunciate!
Through all the Heavens diffused!
By piercing wounds abused!

Behind the stove there banished,
To elephantine size he swells,
And the chamber's space he fills:
Soon in mist he will have vanished!——
Rise not up to the ceiling high!
Down at the feet of thy master lie!
Thou seest that I not threaten in vain—
With holy fire I will thee pain;
Do not await
The fire of threefold heat;
Do not await
My spell of strongest measure!

[*The Mist sinks down, and* MEPHISTOPHELES *comes forward from behind the stove, in the dress of a travelling Scholastic.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why all this noise? what is his Lordship's pleasure?

FAUST.

Oh! this was then the Poodle's kernel!
A travelling scholar? the casus makes me laugh.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I greet my learned Sir!—a sweat infernal
Your conjurations brought upon me have.

FAUST.

Thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Methinks a question of small weight
For one who doth the *Word* so lightly treat!
From outward form so far abstracts his seeing,
And gazes solely on the depths of being!

FAUST.

With the like of you one often may succeed
Your being from your names to read;
And that too manifest appears
When Fly-God, Tempter, Liar meets our ears!
Who art thou then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A portion of that Might
That aye the Evil wills, yet aye brings Good to light.

FAUST.

What meaning in such riddle lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit that e'er denies;
And rightly too—for whatsoe'er hath birth
To be annihilate is only worth :
And therefore it far better were
That nought arose : for whatsoe'er
By Sin—Destruction—Evil, in short, is meant,
That is my proper element.

FAUST.

Thou call'st thyself a part, yet standest whole
'fore me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The sober truth I speak to thee;
Albeit Man, the Microcosmus-fool,
Is wont to account himself a whole !
I'm a part of that part that was All in the beginning,
A part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light,
The proud Light—that, now, striveth alway to be
winning

Her dominion over Space from its ancient mother Night.
And yet it ne'er succeeds—for howsoe'er it strive
By Bodies still arrested to them it still will cleave;
From Bodies doth it stream—and Bodies doth make fair;
And Bodies do its course deflect;
And so I will in hope expect
With Bodies 't may, ere long, a common ruin share.

FAUST.

I see the calling of thy high estate!
Thou canst not aught in gross annihilate,
And therefore sett'st about it in detail.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In sooth—my efforts do not much avail!
At this presented Opposite of Nought,
This Something—this all-clumsy World,
Great as the efforts I to the attempt have brought,
My weapons have in vain be hurl'd,
Wave—storm—fire—earthquake from my hand!
Unmoved remain both sea and land!

On the damn'd stock—the brute and human brood
There is no impression to be made—
How many in the grave I have laid!
Yet ever circulates a quick fresh blood.
So things go on—enough to drive one mad!
In air—in water, even as in earth,
Myriads still burgeon into birth!
In dry—in moist—in warm—in cold!
Did I not over Flame dominion hold,
I should no separate realm have had!

FAUST.

So at that Power—creative, blest,
The genial, the beneficent,
Thou shakest thy cold Devil's fist,
Close clenched in malice impotent!
To something else thyself apply—
Of Chaos strange and wondrous son!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll think about it certainly;

But of this matter more anon—
May I at present take my leave?

FAUST.

Why thou should'st ask, I can't perceive;
I am acquainted now with thee,
Then at thy pleasure visit me.
The window 's here—the door is here,
A chimney at thy service too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To tell the truth—a little matter there
Forbids me out o' doors to go—
The wizard foot upon the sill!

FAUST.

The Pentagram annoys thee then!
Eh? tell me, pray, thou child of Hell,
If that detains thee—how didst thou get in?
How could it 'scape the eyes of such a sprite?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at it—'tis not drawn quite right!
One of its outward angles—there—
Is slightly open, as you see.

FAUST.

The accident then fell out fair;
And thou my prisoner should'st be?
A goodly prize for chance to win!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Poodle nothing marked as he jump'd in;
But things look differently now,
And out the Devil cannot go.

FAUST.

But why the window dost not then essay?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Devils and Goblins have this law alway—
They must pass out where they an entrance found:
In *this* we are free, but unto *that* are bound.

FAUST.

Then Hell itself doth laws obey?
It likes me well!—and so a compact may,
And a binding—with you gentry be concluded?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er we promise we shall strictly pay,

And no proviso be eluded.
But these things ar'n't so easily made plain:
We'll talk about them more anon.
I pray thee *now*—once and again—
Permit me forthwith to be gone.

FAUST.

I still one moment more do lack,
To hear what good things may await me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But loose me now—I 'll soon come back:
Then as you please with questions bait me.

FAUST.

I have not lain in wait for thee—
Thyself into the net hast run;
Who 's got him—hold him fast must he!
The Devil a second time 's not caught so soon.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An you desire it then, I will
Here keep you company a while;
On this condition—that my skill
Your time may pleasantly beguile.

FAUST.

I am willing, thereunto thou'rt free,
If that thy skill but pleasant be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

More joys in this brief hour, my friend!
Upon thy senses shall attend,
Than in a year's monotony—
What the soft Spirits now will sing,
The beauteous forms that they will bring,
No baseless phantom-work shall be!
Rich odours shall thy smell salute;
Fine tastes through all thy palate shoot—
Each feeling thrill with ecstasy!
No preparation do we need,
We all are muster'd now—proceed!

SPIRITS.

Vanish, ye gloomy
Vaults of the ceiling!
More brightly revealing
The blue of the sky,

In glory and love
Looking down from on high!
—When the darkness above
Into molten mist runs,
Small Stars will be beaming,
Soft light will be streaming
From tenderer Suns!
The celestial Sprites'
Soft Beauties float over;
There bashful delights
O'er them tremulous hover!
There rapture requites
The loved and the lover!
Loose bands of draperies
Float in the breeze,
Covering the meadows
And bowering trees,
Under whose shadows
Sit man and maiden,
And their love-laden

Hearts interchange !
A verdurous range !—
Bower, thick-set with bower,
  Where the rank tendrils twine !
Laden presses run o'er
  With the fruit from the vine,
And into vats pour
  Foaming rivers of wine !
There gurgling it runs
Over pure precious stones—
Left behind it the heights,
  There it widens its rills
Into lakes, the delights
  Of green-sloping hills !
  —And birds with their bills
Sip its rapture sweet ;
Fly the sun to meet,
  Fly to meet the Isles
On the waves dancing,
  Mid sunshine's smiles !

There a troop is advancing
With choral song!
Others are glancing
The meadows along!
All spread at their will
Over valley and hill!
Some they are climbing
O'er precipices;
Others are skimming
Over the leas;
Others are swimming
Over the seas!
All of them striving
To the Far! to the Living!
To bright stars above
Of rapturous Love!
And heavenly delights!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps! well done, ye airy, delicate Sprites!
Ye have fairly charmed him with your lullaby!

And for this concert in your debt am I.
Thou art not the man the Devil fast to keep!
Play round him with your softest dreams! and steep
His senses in an ocean of delight!—
Yet, ere this sill I can o'erleap,
Tooth of Rat the spell must bite.
I need not conjure long, for near me
Rustles one, who soon shall hear me.

The mighty Lord of rats and mice,
Of flies and frogs, and bugs and lice,
Commands thee straight to issue forth,
And gnaw the threshold with thy tooth,
Where with oil it is bedropped—
See! already, out he has hopped!
Briskly to work! the point that kept me in
May at the edge—there—just in front be seen.
Another nibble! and 'tis done!
Faust! till we meet again, dream on.

FAUST *(wakes)*.

Am I again deceived? and so
Vanish that troop of Spirits gay?
Was 't but a lying dream the Devil did shew?
And—the Poodle—that ran away?

Study.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Who knocks? come in! what further plague is this?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I—

FAUST.

Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must repeat it thrice.

FAUST.

Come in, then!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So is well and good!
Now let us be fast friends, I pray;
For see! to chase your whims away
I am come equipp'd like a youth of blood.—
My doublet red, all laced with gold,
My cloak of broidered silk behold!
And the cock's feather in my hat—
And my pointed rapier long!
Now, to make short, I counsel that
You straight the same attire put on;
And thus, emancipated—free,
That what life is you come and see.

FAUST.

Howe'er equipp'd, I still should see
This earthly life all poor and cold!
Merely to sport I am too old,
Too young without a wish to be!
What can I from the world e'er gain?
Abstain! abstain! thou must abstain!

Such is the never-ending strain!
The same sad weary song
  In our ears for ever ringing,
Which our whole life long
  Each hour is hoarsely singing.
Each morning I awake with horrid start,
  And bitter tears could weep, to see the Sun
Whose daily course will bring to this lorn heart
  Fulfilment of no wish—ah! no! not *one*.
Nay, will e'en dash with dark misgiving's pain
  Each feeling sweet, presentient of joys;
And the creative motions of my Brain,
  Clog with life's whimsical frivolities.
Then must I stretch me on my weary bed,
  When Night comes down in darkness over all;
E'en there no rest will soothe mine aching head,
  But hideous dreams and spectres wild appal!
The God, that in my bosom dwells, hath power
  To stir my Being's depths profound, throughout,

My inward energies he lords it o'er,
But he is powerless over all without!
And thus my being is a weary load,
Life hateful is, and Death a wish'd-for good.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Death methinks *quite* welcome is—seldom or ne'er.

FAUST.

Thrice happy he—for whom he binds
The bloody wreath, mid Victory's glare—
Whom, after wildest dance, he finds
Clasp'd in the arms of maiden fair!
Oh, would that by the mighty Spirit's breath
Rapt and entranced, I there had sunk to death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet, on that night, there was *some one*, I think,
Who there a certain potion would not drink.

FAUST.

You take delight, it seems, to play the spy.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Omniscient am I not—yet much know I.

FAUST.

Oh, if those sweet familiar lays
Then lulled the storm of horrors wild!
Striking, with notes of happier days,
On all within me of the child!
How curse I all that to the soul
Its cheating jugglery applies,
And banns it to this den of dole
By the might of evil sorceries!
Accurs'd be first the high Self-deeming
Which to the human soul belongs!
Accurs'd the blindingness of Seeming,
That the wildered senses throngs!
Accurs'd—what flatters us in dreams!
Glory!—Renown's deceitful show!
Accurs'd—what as Possession seems,
As wife and child—as man and plough!

Accurs'd be Mammon,—when with treasures
He lures us to adventurous deed!
Or when for soft enervate pleasures
He smooths for us the downy bed!
To the Grape's balsam-juice a curse!
A curse all purest Love befal!
Curse on all Hope!—all Faith!—and worse
Patience accursed be than all!

CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe! woe!
Thou hast o'erthrown
Yon beautiful world
With violent hand!
It bows, it falls down
In ruin and desolation,
At thine—the Demi-god's—command!

Into Annihilation
The wrecks of its beauty we sweep!—
And weep
Over the lost Creation!

Oh, Mortal vain !
In the pride of thy might,
In the pomp of thy art,
Renew its light !
Build up the fabric again in thy heart !
Earth-born ! build it again.

Begin thou here
With spirit clear,
A life of changed hue !
Bid, its fresh paths about,
Sweet songs peal out,
With music new !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

These are the nurslings of my crew—
Yet hark ! how with counsel sage
As hoary Age,
To deeds of soft delight
Their strains invite !

From Solitude—
Where the sense stagnates and the blood grows
crude,
To paths of joyance sweet
Would they allure thy feet!

Then do not thus perversely deal
With grief, that Vulture-like consumes thy heart!
The worst society must make thee feel
That thou a Man amongst thy fellows art.
Yet think not that I therefore mean
To thrust thee 'mong the vulgar pack!
Though not one of the great, I ween
With me you would not lack
A good conductor through life's various lot.
If the plan please thee then, upon the spot
I 'll promise thine to be!
Thy comrade!—or (what's better still) in me
Thou ne'er shalt fail to have
A faithful servant—nay, a slave!

FAUST.

And my part, prithee, of the covenant?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! as to that we'll name some distant day.

FAUST.

No! no! the Devil always has his pay—
And never to another has been wont
Gratis to give his services away;
Say plainly then, what the conditions are;
With such a servant, danger is not far!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I bind myself in all things to you *Here*;
And, at your beck, nor sleep, nor rest to know!
And when we chance to meet in *t'other sphere*,
I will exact the same from you.

FAUST.

That *other* small concern gives me,
Let this world dash'd to atoms be!
Then let the other have its day—

From this Earth all my joys I borrow;
This Sun looks down on all my sorrow;
And when to these I bid good morrow;—
  Then come what may!
So, prithee! let me nothing hear
  Of *future* hate, or *future* love,
Or, whether, in some other sphere,
  There's a Beneath or an Above.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That's just the mood to venture now!
But bind thyself; and forthwith thou
Shalt see my arts with keen delight;
I'll give thee—things ne'er seen by mortal sight!

FAUST.

Poor Devil! what canst thou be giving?
Or was Man's spirit mid its lofty striving,
  E'er comprehended by the like of thee?
Food that not satisfies, forsooth thou hast got!
Red gold—that with its owner tarrieth not,
But from his hand dispersed, on every side
Like beads of quicksilver doth glide,

And quickly slips away!
Games hast thou too—whereat who play
  Shall never win.—A girl who lies
  Within my arms; and looks with plighting eyes
At some near Youth, e'en while I'm doating on her!
Thou hast the godlike meed of honour,
  Which like a meteor flies!
Shew, then, those fruits which mid their plucking
    rot,
  And trees that daily must their green renew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! such commission frights me not,
  Treasures like these I soon can furnish you.
Good friend! the hour will soon approach, when
    we
May take our pastime in security.

FAUST.

If e'er upon a bed of down
In peace of soul I lay me down,
Then let such moment be my last!
If e'er, with flattering words, thou hast

The power, one self-approving smile
Or thought to win from me—or while
Deliciously one hour away,——
Then be that my life's latest day!
A wager!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

Thy hand to mine!
And if hereafter I shall say
To one brief moment "Stay, oh stay!
Thou art so sweet—so beautiful!"
Then let me be in fetters bound,
Then let me sink into the ground,
Then, too, let my last death-bell toll,
Then thou art from thy service free!
The clock may stand,
With fallen hand—
And Time be over then for me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider well! this will not be forgot.

FAUST.

For this I fully am prepared,
And thou therein art justified!
This step not rashly have I dared;
For, as I am, I must abide
A Slave—and *whose* it matters not.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

This very day, then, I'll essay my skill
The part of servant to fulfil
At your Doctor's feast:—
But stay! one word! you'll give at least
A line or two—to signify all's right.

FAUST.

Thou, too, must have all things in black and white,
Thou Pedant!—hast thou never known,
Nor man, nor word of man whereon
Thou couldst rely? The words my lips have spoken,
Are they not pledge enough with thee
That this my vow will ne'er be broken?
Do we not see

The world itself burst forth in all its streams?
And yet the Devil deems
A paltry contract can my course control!
Deep lies that fond delusion in each soul,
And all are with the dream content!
  Happy is he with whom good faith hath place,
He will no sacrifice repent——
But parchment!—all bewritten and besealed!
  Is like a Goblin—none have heart to face:
The word lies dead e'en in the pen ye wield,
  Poor vassal, then, of wax and leather!
Tell me! what wouldst o' me, malicious Sprite?
Paper? parchment? brass? or stone?
And say—wouldst have me write
  With chisel? graver? style? or feather?
The choice is all thine own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, prithee, all this waste of passion?
Rhetorical exaggeration!
Each thing you've named will for the nonce be good,
Only you'll write your signature in blood!

FAUST.

I 'll do 't to gratify the freak,——
If thou therein find'st any use.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a most especial juice!

FAUST.

No fear, now, that this pact I e'er will break ;
In that which I have promised lies
The aim of all my energies ;
Alas ! too highly have I soared,
My lot is with the like of you!
I am by the great Spirit abhorred,
And Nature blocks her from my view !
My thread of thought is rent in twain—
I loathe all knowledge with disdain—
Let depths of sensual delights
To slake our burning lusts avail,
And Magic strip from wondrous sights
Their else impenetrable veil !
Rush we on with the time as it flies,
On the rattling wheels of enterprise !

Then let joy and distress,
Mishap and success,
Their alternating influence try—
Man's element is fierce activity!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You need know neither aim nor measure:
Sip whate'er delight shall please you,
Hunt down each joyance as it flees you,
And much good do you every pleasure!
Only fall to—and be not coy.

FAUST.

Mark me—I speak not now of joy!
To whirls of agonized delight my soul I dedicate,
To quickening anguish, to enamoured hate;
All thoughts of wearying knowledge cast behind,
No more this heart shall shrink from bitterest pain;
The cup, which hath been dealt to all Mankind,
Will I too with my inmost being drain!

All heights, all depths, my spirit shall penetrate;
On my breast will I heap their weal and woe;
And thus my being shall to theirs dilate,
And I with them to the same ruin go!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Give ear to me! who many a thousand year
Have chewed *this* hard and bitter cud;
That no one, from the cradle to the bier,
Could e'er digest the old leaven of his food—
Give ear to one of us! this Whole you see
Created is for one sole Deity:
He, girt with everlasting light,
Hath cast us into utter night,
You given alternate night and day!

FAUST.

Ne'ertheless I will.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That 's fine to say!
Yet *this* doth fears to me impart,
That Life is short and long is Art!

Methinks advice you'll not gainsay;
Make a Poet your ally;
Bid him through Fancy's region sweep,
And every nobler property
Upon your honoured head to heap!
The Lion's courage high,
The fleetness of the Hind,
The fiery blood of Italy,
The North's unswerving mind!
Bid him the secret tell you—to combine
Magnanimity with cunning fine;
And teach you—faithful to some Master-plan,
To love with the warmth of youth and sageness of the man!
One such as this myself I fain would see,
And then—Sir Microcosm his name should be!

FAUST.

What am I, then, if by no art
This human crown I may attain,
Whereunto every nerve I strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art in the end—just what thou art!
Don thee perukes with a thousand locks!
Set thy feet upon ell-high socks!
Thou abidest ever what thou art.

FAUST.

I feel 't too well! in vain all richest spoils
Of Genius have I heaped, to running o'er;
And when at last I rest me from my toils,
Within me wells no fountain of new power;
I am not one hair's breadth the higher,
Nor to the Infinite one whit the nigher!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Excellent Sir! these things you see
But as they seem to vulgar sight;
In this much wiser must we be,
Before Life's joy hath taken flight.
The Deuce! why hands and feet forsooth,
And head and—*something else* are thine;
Now what I eat with liquorish tooth
Is it for *that* cause the less mine?

If for six horses I can pay,
  Mine own become not all their powers?
In gallant style we dash away,
  As if two dozen legs were ours!
Brisk!—set yourself from musings free,
And out into the world with me.
Your speculative chap is like a Beast,
  By some bad Spirit tether'd, and doom'd to feed
On one poor patch of an unfruitful waste,
  While round him lies a rich and verdurous mead.

FAUST.

How set about it, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We 'll forth immediately.
Why what a place of martyrdom have we!
Why what a precious life is this you are leading,
Plagues for yourself and all the young folks breeding!
Leave such to neighbour Paunch I pray—
  Why vex yourself to thrash straw so?

One word to your lads you dare not say
Of all the best things that you know.—
I hear one in the corridor.

FAUST.

I can't admit him.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

At the door
The poor youth all this time doth wait,
And must n't be sent away disconsolate!
Come, hand me quick your cap and gown;
I 'll bear me in the mask with fitting state.

[*Changing his dress.*

By my wit let the rest be done.
I only need a quarter hour's diversion;
You can, meantime, get ready for our excursion.

[*Exit* FAUST.

Reason and Science but contemn,
The noblest attributes of men!
In sophistries and sorceries,
Be stablish'd by the Spirit of Lies!

Thou 'rt unconditionally mine!
To him hath Fate a Spirit given,
  Whose strivings ever onward press;
And, with too hurried efforts driven,
  O'erleap all earthly happiness!
I'll drag him through Life's wildest ways—
  Through ways of blank unmeaningness!
I 'll make him sprawl—stick—stand at gaze;
  And his insatiableness
All delicate meats and drinks shall tantalize.
  In sweet *refreshing* joy for one brief while to revel,
Shall he make prayer in vain! His ruin certain is!
  He needed not have sold him to the Devil.

Enter a STUDENT.

STUDENT.

I arrived here a short time since,
And come now, full of reverence,
The man to address, and learn to know,
Whom all the world doth honour so.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your courtesy delights me much;
You see a man of many such!
Have you address'd yourself elsewhere?

STUDENT.

I pray thee take me to *thy* care;
I come with resolutions good,
With moderate means, with youthful blood;
My mother scarce would let me go,
But of the world abroad I fain would something know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You 've hit upon the very spot.

STUDENT.

But, sooth to say, it likes me not.
I 'd fain already quit these walls—
I cannot bear these gloomy Halls—
And then the space is so confined,
No trees, no verdure can you find;

And, mid these forms, in crowded rows,
My hearing—seeing—thinking goes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That Custom soon will reconcile.
From its mother's breast, in half affright,
The new-born babe shrinks back awhile;
Yet soon it feedeth with delight!
And thus, from Wisdom's breasts will you
Suck joy, that more and more will grow.

STUDENT.

Upon her neck I 'll hang delightedly:
Yet how to attain her pray expound to me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Declare—ere further we proceed,
What choice of a profession you have made.

STUDENT.

My wish right learned is to be,
And all things thoroughly to know,
In heaven above and earth below;
Science and Physiology!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proper scent you are upon—
But then all dissipation you must shun.

STUDENT.

Body and soul, I'm with you there!
And yet, some liberty, I wis—
Some pastime—would not come amiss,
On summer holidays so fair.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make use of time!—it flies amain!
Yet Method teaches time to gain.
I counsel you, unto this end,
Collegium Logicum first attend.
By this the mind is drill'd and dress'd,
And in its Spanish boots tight laced;
And thus more circumspectly threads
The path of thought, where'er it leads,
Direct; nor wanders here and there,
By false fires led, the Lord knows where!

By this too you 'll be made to know
That what you struck off at a blow
Before—as easy as kiss your hand—
Must now by *one—two—three* be scann'd !
For with Thought's manufacture 'tis
As with the weaver's masterpiece;
A thousand threads at one tread go,
  This way and that the shuttles shoot,
  Unseen, the rapid threads flow out,
A thousand combinations at a blow !
Then enters your Philosopher,
And proves it *must* be as 'tis there.
The first was so—the second, so;
Ergo, the third and fourth are so;
If first and second not so were,
Then third and fourth would not be there.
On this all students are great believers——
Yet none among them have become weavers.
Who 'll understand and treat of aught alive,
Seeks first the Spirit out of it to drive :

Then hath he in his hand its parts; is fled away
Only, alas! the spiritual copula!
Chemistry calls a process such as this is
(Mocking *herself*) Naturæ Encheiresis.

STUDENT.

In that I can't quite follow you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! it will soon quite easy go—
When you have learnt to bring down all
To Classes Categorical!

STUDENT.

I do protest—I am as dumb-founded
As if a mill-wheel went round in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next, and before all else, must you
To Metaphysics buckle to.
Therein you 'll keenly apprehend—
What doth the human brain transcend;
For what goes in, and what does not,
You will a pompous term have got.

But chiefly, now—for this half year
Be in all things most regular.
Five lectures have you every day—
As the clock strikes be in alway;
Yourself before hand well prepare,
All your paragraphi conn'd with care;
And thus be qualified to look
That nothing 's said that's not in the book:
Yet write—let not a word be lost,
As if dictated by the Holy Ghost.

STUDENT.

You need not say that to me twice:
How useful 'tis, I well conceive;
For what in black and white we have
We carry home compact and nice.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now, a Profession you must name!

STUDENT.

I can't attach myself to Law.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Much your distaste I cannot blame:

How stands this science, I well know.
Statutes and Laws are handed down,
Like an hereditary ill;
From race to race descending still,
From place to place slow stealing on!
Reason becomes devoid of sense—
Vexation,—all Beneficence.
Art thou a Grandson?—Woe is thee!
On Rights, connatural with the kind,
No disquisitions will you find.

STUDENT.

You have increased my antipathy;
Whom thou dost teach thrice happy he!
I'd fain almost Divinity essay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would not see thee led astray.
Yet touching what this science may concern:
It is so hard the proper path to win—
And so much secret poison lurks therein,
Which scarce from medicine you may discern!

In this case, too, 'tis best but one to hear!
And by his words devoutly swear.
To sum up all—hold fast to words;
For this a path to the sure gate affords,
Into the Temple of Security!

STUDENT.

Yet, sure, some meanings in the words must be?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Granted!—but these we must not over-nicely heed;
For just where meaning fails, you see,
A word will come in—good at need!
With words we bravely may dispute!
In words a system may take root!
Words a firm ground of faith afford!
Of not one jot may you deprive a word!

STUDENT.

Pardon my importunity, I pray;
But—may I dare to trouble you,
Also, a powerful word or two
On the Art of Medicine to say?

Three years is scanty time—beside
The field, God knows, is all too wide ;
If but a hand would point the road,
We then might better feel our way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

This prosing is a weary load :
I must again outright the Devil play !
(Aloud) The spirit of Medicine you soon may seize.
You study through the great World and the small,
To let things run their courses after all—
As God shall please !
Science in vain you ever strive to catch,
Each learns but what he can ;
He who the present time can snatch,
Alone 's your proper man !
You lack not grace and strength of limb,
And will not fail in confidence besides ;
The world hath confidence in him
Who in himself confides.

To the Sex chiefly devote your mind :
For their eternal maladies—
And their ten thousand fantasies—
You may one grand specific find !
And if with looks demure you come,
You have them all—under your thumb.
A Title must their minds prepare
To think you skilled far more than others are :
And thus at once will you such footing gain
As years of wheedling would not else obtain.
To press the Pulse well understand,
And pass, with leering looks, your hand
Around the warm and slender waist—
To feel—how tightly it is laced !

STUDENT.

That has a better air—but for the *how* and *why ?*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey, my young friend, is every Theory,
And verdant is Life's golden Tree !

STUDENT.

I do declare 'tis like a dream to me!
May I for another audience make petition,
To hear on this a fundamental disquisition?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To th' utmost of my power yours to command.

STUDENT.

I cannot possibly go away
Ere I my Common-Place Book to you hand;
This token of your favour grant, I pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most willingly.

[*Writes, and returns it to him.*

STUDENT *(reads)*.

Eritis sicut Deus scientes bonum et malum.

[*Reverently closes the Book, makes his obeisance, and exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But follow this adage old—and the ways of my Cousin the Snake!
Cause enough (with thy likeness to God!) shalt thou have, ere long, to quake.

Enter FAUST.

Now whither go we?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Where'er you choose:
We 'll first the low—then the high world peruse.
With what delight and profit too
Will you these lectures scamper through.

FAUST.

Yet, with this chin's long growth of hair,
I want the easy sçavoir faire;
Success to th' attempt will never come—
In the world I never was at home;
I feel so small with others; and must bear
About me ever an embarrassed air.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All that must be—but I this maxim give,
"Learn self-reliance,and you have learn'd to live."

FAUST.

Tell me, how start we, then? and where
Your carriage, horses, servants are?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We need but spread a mantle wide,
And on it through the air we'll ride.
You must not any heavy pack
Take with you, in this daring track.
Some gas, I know how to prepare,
Shall lift us up into the air;
And if we are light, we shall mount rapidly.
Of your new course of life I wish you joy.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipsig.

A set of Boon Companions over their Wine.

FROSCH.

Will none be jolly?—will none drink?
—I'll teach ye to sit there and wink!
You are all just like wet straw to-day—
Yet other whiles you flare away.

BRANDER.

That's your fault, now! we are all your quotum less—
You sport no nonsense—sport no beastliness!

FROSCH.

[*Pouring a glass of Wine over his Head!*

There's both for you!

BRANDER.

You twice-beast, you!

FROSCH.

You voted that I should be so.

SIEBEL.

Come! out with him who squabbles here.
Let's swill and shout—and sing with voices clear
Huh—hollah—hoh!

ALTMAYER.

Oh Lord! I am driven to fits;
Some cotton here!—my ears that fellow splits.

SIEBEL.

The full power of the Bass is only known
When from the vaulted roof 'tis echoed down.

FROSCH.

Right! him who takes offence, we'll out with, soon.
La! tara! lara da!

ALTMAYER.

La! tara! lara da!

FROSCH.

Our throats are all in tune.

(*Sings.*)

The dear old Roman Empire!
How holds it still together?

BRANDER.

A scurvy song! Fie! A political song!
An offensive song! Each morning bless your stars,
That for the Empire you need have no cares!
I, for my part, am thankful more and more,
I am neither Emperor nor Chancellor.
To do without *some* head, though, we can't hope;
Therefore, I say, let us elect a Pope.
You know the kind of qualities
That kick the beam and make the man to rise.

FROSCH.

(*Sings.*)

Up, Dame Nightingale! Soar above!
Ten thousand greetings give to my love!

SIEBEL.

No greetings to her! nought of the sort, I say.

FROSCH.

Greetings and kisses too—thou mayest not say nay.

(*Sings.*)

Bolts up! 'tis stilly night;
Bolts up! thy Love is waking;
Bolts down! 'tis morning's light!——

SIEBEL.

Oh, yes! sing on, and bravely sound her name;
Shortly, I guess, 'twill be my turn to laugh:
She has jilted me, to you she'll do the same.
Let her a Kobold for her sweetheart have,
And on a cross-road his caresses try—
An old Goat as from Blocksberg he doth hie,
May bleat a goodnight as he gallops by!
An honest chap, of real flesh and blood,
Is for the wench a precious deal too good.
No greetings then in any fashion,
Save her window-panes to smash in!

BRANDER (*thumping the table*).

Attention, now! give ear to me,
You know I understand what's what—
We have some love-sick spoonies here, d'ye see?—
And something for the like made suitably—
By way of night-cap I have got.
Attention, then! a song of bran-new cut—
Mind you the Chorus lustily sing out

(sings.)

In a cellar once there lived a Rat,
Ate nothing but lard and butter;
And his paunch it soon did grow as fat
As the paunch of Doctor Luther:
Till the Cook she laid some poison out;
Oh! then he shrivell'd and went about—
As if he had love in his belly!

ALL *(in Chorus)*.

As if he had love in his belly!

BRANDER.

Then round he ran, and out he ran,
Gnaw'd and scratch'd at every turning;

He wet his whistle in every pan,
Yet nothing would cool his burning!
He jump'd, and gave many a sprawl and kick,
Oh! the poor beast was deadly sick—
As if he had love in his belly.

ALL *(in Chorus)*.

As if he had love in his belly!

BRANDER.

The pains soon drove him in broad daylight
To rush right into the kitchen,
Till he fell on the hearth exhausted quite,
Panting and piteously twitching.
Then the murderous cook laughed out, "I trow
At his last hole he is squeaking now,
As if he had love in his belly!"

ALL *(in Chorus)*.

As if he had love in his belly!

SIEBEL.

See how that tickles all those Flats!
'Tis an achievement wondrous fine
To spread me poison for poor rats!

BRANDER.

It seems that they are friends of thine?

ALTMAYER.

Old Fatpaunch with his callow pate!—
The story puts him out of heart.
The sad case of that swollen rat
Shews him his natural counterpart.

Enter FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before all other things must I
Shew you some merry company!
That you may see how lightly life is pass'd!
These people here make every day a feast:
Of slender wit, and genial vein,
In their small circle round they go,
As with their tails young kittens do—
And when of headache they don't complain,
Long as the host will credit give,
Merry and free from care they live.

BRANDER.

They 're just come off a journey now,
That their outlandish cut doth shew—
They 've been here but an hour's space.

FROSCH.

You 're right, old fellow! Leipzig 's your only place,
A little Paris 'tis—and turns out polish'd people.

SIEBEL.

Now what dost take these travellers to be?

FROSCH.

Tut! tut! go to!—now leave that all to me—
O'er a full glass to worm from 'em the truth,
As easy as one draws a young child's tooth:
To my mind they are of noble blood—
They look dissatisfied and proud.

BRANDER.

They are Quack doctors, I 'll lay any bet.

ALTMAYER.

Mayhap they be.

FROSCH.

Just wait—I 'll smoke 'em now.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

They 'll never scent the Devil, I trow,
E'en should he fast hold of their collar get.

FAUST.

Good morrow, Sirs.

SIEBEL.

Thanks, and the same to you.

[*Looking askance at* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why does the fellow limp with one leg so

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Will you allow us here with you to sit?
'Stead of good wine, which here one cannot get,
We will enjoy your fair society.

ALTMAYER.

A dainty gentleman egad!—thinks I.

FROSCH.

'T was late before you Rippach left to-day?
May be you were o'ernight with Herr Hans sup-
ping?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We pass'd his house this morning without stopping:
Last time we saw him, he 'd a deal to say—
And spoke then very much about his cousins,
And sent to each his compliments by dozens.

[*Bowing to* FROSCH.

ALTMAYER.

You got it there! you see he 's up to it.

SIEBEL.

A knowing chap!

FROSCH.

I 'll have him—wait a bit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If I mistake not, we did hear
Some practised voices singing chorus;
Music must sound divinely here,
From that vaulted ceiling o'er us.

FROSCH.

You are an amateur, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not at all:

My will is great—but then my powers are small.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a song.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

An 't please this worshipful crew.

SIEBEL.

Oh yes—a song! but let it be bran new.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have not left Spain very long,
The fertile land of wine and song.

(singing).

There lived one time a king,
Who had a very great flea.

FROSCH.

Hark now! a flea—did you take that?
Your flea 's a pleasant chap I wot.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(singing).*

There lived one time a king,
Who had a very great flea;

He was dearer to him than every thing,
In short, like his son was he.
The Taylor unto him he bade—
The Taylor he came at his call,
"For a suit now measure the lad,—
Measure him for hose and all."

BRANDER.

Now don't forget to sharpen the Taylor's wit,
That he may take his measure to a T,
And, as he values his own head, to see
The hose without a single wrinkle sit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then straightway he was drest
In a satin and velvet suit;
He had ribbons on his breast,
And a dangling cross to boot.
And soon he was made Minister,
And then he 'd a golden star;
And his kin—every brother and sister,
At Court great people were.

Then the lords and ladies in waiting,
The maids, and even the Queen,
They soon got a terrible baiting—
They were bitten and prick'd, I ween.
Yet none of 'em dared to nack 'em,
And none of them dared to scratch:
But we nack 'em and we crack 'em,
As soon as any we catch.

ALL *(in Chorus)*.

But we nack 'em and we crack 'em
As soon as any we catch.

FROSCH.

Bravo!—bravo! capital!

SIEBEL.

The like fate every flea befal!

BRANDER.

Catch 'em and crack 'em with fingers fine.

ALTMAYER.

Huzza for Liberty! huzza for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To Liberty I 'd gladly drink a glass—
So that your wine a trifle better was.

SIEBEL.

Say that again, now, at your cost!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear it would offend our host,
Or I 'd present these worthy guests
With something from our cellar to their tastes.

SIEBEL.

Quick—bring it in—I 'll take the blame on me.

FROSCH.

Let 't be but good—and great your laud shall be.
But mind—don't let your samples be too scant,
For when I am to judge of wine—d' ye see—
My mouth quite full I always want.

ALTMAYER *(in a whisper).*

They are from the Rhine now, to my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Go, fetch a gimblet.

BRANDER.

What can that be for?
You have not got the casks, sure, at the door?

ALTMAYER.

The Landlord's tool-basket is there behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*To* FROSCH, *taking the gimblet.*

Now then! just tell me what y'd please to take.

FROSCH.

What mean'st thou? hast thou such variety?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To every one this choice is free.

ALTMAYER.

[*To* FROSCH.

Hah! hah! thou ginn'st already thy lips to smack.

FROSCH.

If I must choose—why then some Rhenish hand!
All the best things come from our father-land.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores a hole at the edge of the table, where* FROSCH *is sitting.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now get some wax to make some stoppers—quick!

ALTMAYER.

See to him now—that is a conjuror's trick.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*To* BRANDER.

And you?

BRANDER.

Oh! some champaigne for me,
Also right mousseux let it be.

[MEPHISTOPHELES *bores as before; the stoppers meantime have been made, and the holes stopped.*

BRANDER.

One can 't just always foreign stuff avoid;
What 's good lies often so far off.—

Tho' your true German never can abide
A Frenchman—yet his wines he 'll quaff.

SIEBEL.

[*As* MEPHISTOPHELES *approaches to where he is sitting.*

I own your sour stuff 'gainst my stomach goes;
A glass of proper sweet, then, if you please.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(boring).*

In a twinkling for you Tokay flows.

ALTMAYER.

Now, gentlemen—just look me in the face!
I see that you are only at your jests.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Heh! deh! with such distinguished guests?——
That were a little bold indeed!
Quick! but to name the sort you need!
Which wine shall I now draw for you?

ALTMAYER.

Just which you please, and without more ado.

[*All the holes are bored and stopped.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*With quaint gesticulations.*

Grapes the vine bears;
Horns the he-goat wears;
Wine it is juicy—vines are of wood;
A wooden table for wine too is good.
A keen glance into nature give!
Behold a miracle—believe!
Now draw the stoppers and be swilling.

ALL.

[*As they draw the stoppers, and the wine which each has chosen runs into his glass.*

What a bright stream for us is welling!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Take heed that you no drop be spilling.

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL *(singing)*.

Happy as cannibals are we!
Just like five hundred swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See they 're let loose—how glorious they are.

FAUST.

I 'd fain now go away from here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wait but one moment!—and you 'll see
The richest forms of bestiality.

SIEBEL.

[*Who drinks carelessly, when some of his wine is spilt on the ground, and turns to flame.*

Help! ho! fire!—help! Hell's running riot!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Conjuring the flame.*

Thou friendly element, be quiet!

[*To* SIEBEL.

This time 'twas only Purgatory's fire.

SIEBEL.

Thou shalt pay dear for that!—hold! what dost mean?
It seems thou dost mistake us, Sir!

FROSCH.

We 'll let him know if he says that again!

ALTMAYER.

We had best bid him march off quietly!

SIEBEL.

What, Sirrah! hast thou then the face to try
Thy hocus-pocus 'fore this company?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Silence, old Wine-barrel!

SIEBEL.

Old Broomstick, thou!—
What? and thou 'lt dare insult us, too!

BRANDER.

It shall rain blows—thou soon shalt see!

ALTMAYER.

(who draws a Stopper out of the Table, when Fire bursts out at him)

I 'm on fire! I 'm on fire—Oh!

SIEBEL.

Sorcery!

Strike, boys! free game for all is he!

[*They draw their knives and make a set at* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*With solemn gestures.*

False word, and false phrase!

Confuse senses, and place!

Hither, thither apace!

[*They stand in amazement, gazing at one another.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I? what a charming land!

FROSCH.

Vineyards! can't be?

SIEBEL.

And grapes, too, close at hand!

BRANDER.

And here, among these green leaves, see!

What shoots there be! what grapes there be!

[*Catches hold of* SIEBEL's *nose—The others do the like to one another, and raise their knives.*

MEPHISTOPHELES *(as above).*

Error! from eyes now loose thy band!
And Ye—learn now the Devil's jesting shows!

[*Disappears with* FAUST—*the* COMPANIONS *start back from one another.*

SIEBEL.

What is it?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Was that thy nose?

BRANDER.

[*To* SIEBEL.

And I have thine too in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

It was a shock that went thro' all my limbs.
Give me a chair—Oh dear! how my head swims!

FROSCH.

Nay, tell me what has happen'd—pray!

SIEBEL.

Where is he? if I catch the fellow,
He shall not get alive away.

ALTMAYER.

Myself ...out of the door o' the cellar.....
Upon a wine-cask saw him ride!
I feel as if my legs were tied!

[*Turns towards the Table.*

Oh my! I wonder if the wine still flow.

SIEBEL.

'Twas all a cheat and lying show!

FROSCH.

Methought 'twas wine I drank just now.

BRANDER.

And then the grapes—with them how was 't?

ALTMAYER.

Now let folks tell me miracles are past!

Witch-Kitchen.

A large Cauldron is standing on the fire on a low hearth, and amidst the steam that arises from it are seen several different figures. A SHE-MONKEY *is sitting at the Cauldron skimming it and taking care that it does not boil over.* THE HE-MONKEY, *with the young ones, is sitting near, warming himself. The walls and ceiling are set out with the quaintest kinds of Witch-furniture.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

This mad Witch-stuff I can't endure!
Dost promise I shall get my cure

With this vile din about my ears?
An old Crone's counsel do I need?
And will her messes take indeed
From my body thirty years?
Than this canst nothing better find?
Woe 's me! my hope 's already gone!
Have Nature and Man's noble mind
Of balsams rare discovered none?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There! once again, my friend! you wisely spoke!
There *is* one natural mean of making young;
But 'tis, however, in another book,
And to a wondrous chapter doth belong!

FAUST.

I 'd know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! to give 't without a fee,
Without Physician too—or Sorcery:
Into the country straightway go,
And there set to—to dig and hoe;

Keep in one narrow range confined
Thyself, thy senses, and thy mind;
Unmix'd and simple be thy food;
Live 'mongst the beasts—a beast; nor think it ill
The fields that thou dost reap thyself to till!
And this, believe me, is a method good,
E'en in thy eightieth year to be a young man still.

FAUST.

To such I am unused—could ne'er be made
Into my hands to take a spade:
A life confined would on me pall.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, then, the Witch must step in, after all.

FAUST.

But wherefore only this said Crone?
Cans't not thyself the beverage brew?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A pleasant pastime! In the time alone
I could a thousand bridges build up new.

Not only science, skill, and art,
Patience must in the work bear part.
A silent spirit is busied whole years long,
Time only makes the fermentation strong:
And all that to the work is brought,
(It takes most wondrous things to brew it);
Her, true it is, the Devil taught,
And yet himself he cannot do it.

(Looking at THE ANIMALS).

Now look here! what an elegant race!
This is the lad, and this the lass.

(Addressing them.)

Your Dame, it seems, is not in the house?

THE ANIMALS.

At a rouse!
Out of house!
Up chimney she goes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long lasts usually her gadding bout?

THE ANIMALS.

Whilst we are warming our paws, she 'll be out.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

How do you like their delicate natures?

FAUST.

I ne'er saw such disgusting creatures!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay! such a talk as we have here
To me is, beyond all things, dear.

[*To* THE ANIMALS.

Tell me, accursed Puppet-crew,
What in that broth ye stir about?

THE ANIMALS.

Cooking some slabby Beggar's-stew.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You 'll have to the feast a goodly rout.

[*The* HE-MONKEY *makes up to* MEPHISTOPHELES, *and rubs against him.*

THE HE-MONKEY.

Now throw me the dice,
Make me rich in a trice,

And let me be winning!
I am furnished but ill,
If my purse you would fill,
I could make a beginning!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now how delighted this old Ape would be,
Could he but put into the lottery!

[*The* YOUNG MONKEYS *have meanwhile been playing with a large ball, and now roll it forwards.*

THE HE-MONKEY.

This is the World—
Up and down it is hurl'd!
It constantly rolls!
Like glass it doth ring!
Will it break if it falls?
It is hollow within!
'Tis glittering here,
And much more there!
Life I am in!

Mannikin, dear!
Go not near!
Thou must die!
'Tis of clay! it will fly
Into pieces 'tis clear!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For what is this sieve?

HE-MONKEY *(taking it down).*

Oh, were you a thief,
I should know that you were!

[*He runs to the* SHE-MONKEY, *and makes her look through it.*

Now look thro' the sieve,
Dost know then the Thief?
And to name dost not dare?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And then this Pot?

THE HE AND SHE-MONKIES.

The comical sot!
He knows not the Pot,
He knows not the Kettle!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Uncourteous beast!

THE HE-MONKEY.

Take the tail—and be pleased
To sit down in the settle!

(*He makes* MEPHISTOPHELES *sit down*).

[FAUST *meanwhile has been gazing on a mirror, now advancing to, and now receding from it.*

FAUST.

What is 't? the fairest of all fairest things
Wherewith this Mirror doth enrich my sight!
Love! lend me now the swiftest of thy wings,
To bear me to her Region bright!
If but one jot I stir me from this place—
If nearer I attempt to go—
Veil'd in a mist she straight doth shew!
A woman's loveliest form and face!
Is 't possible? can woman be so fair?
And do those limbs recumbent wear
The effulgence of celestial grace?
Is ought so exquisite on earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course! If a God will labour me six days,
And when he has finish'd, himself "Bravo" says,
Something that's clever must have come to birth.
But gaze thee now thy fill, and feast thine eyes,
I know where such another may be spied!
And happy he who meets with such a prize,
And bears her homeward as his bride!

[FAUST *continues to gaze on the Mirror.* MEPHISTOPHELES *sits on the Settle, stretching out his legs and playing with the Tail.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here sit I, like a King upon his throne!
This is my sceptre—I but want my crown.

[THE ANIMALS, *who meanwhile have been making all manner of antic gestures, now bring the Crown to* MEPHISTOPHELES *with loud cries.*

THE ANIMALS.

Now pray be so good
As with sweat and with blood,
The crown to be gluing!

[*They handle the Crown clumsily, and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about.*

Now there! it is done!

We talk and we run!

Hearing, rhyming we 're going!

FAUST (*at the mirror*).

Ah me! I am almost distraught!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the Animals*).

And e'en my head begins to split!

THE ANIMALS.

If the thing we can hit,

And if it shall fit,

'Tis the produce of thought.

FAUST (*as above*).

I feel a burning at my breast!

Quick! let us now away from here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*In the same position.*

It now at least must be confess'd

That some poets are sincere.

[*The Cauldron, which the* SHE-MONKEY *had up to this period neglected, begins to boil over. A great flame arises and flares up the chimney.* THE WITCH *comes down, and thro' the flame, with hideous cries.*

THE WITCH.

Ough—Ough—Ough—Ough!
Damned beast—accursed sow!
The kettle o'erturning!
Thy dame to be burning!
Damn'd beast, thou!

[*Looking at* FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

How now?
Who are you?
What here do you do?
How crept you through?——
Fire-pains harrow
Your bones and marrow!

[*She puts the skimmer into the Cauldron, and spurts flames at* FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, *and* THE ANIMALS. THE ANIMALS *whine.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

[*Who inverts the Tail he has in his hand, and strikes among the glasses and pots.*

Asunder! asunder!
The broth has fall'n under!
The glass with the rest—
It is but a jest!
Old Carrion, a chime
To thy tune in time!

[*While* THE WITCH *starts back in rage and horror.*

Dost know me now? thou hag, thou skelet thou?
Thy Lord and Master recognizest—now?
What hinders me that I not smash thee?
To atoms, with thy whelps there, dash thee?
For the Red Doublet hast respect no more?
The Cock's-plume—is 't not known by thee?
Hast never seen this face before?
Must my own name be named by me?

THE WITCH.

Oh Master! Master! pardon the rough salute!
But yet I do not see the foot—
And where too is your Raven-pair?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For this once you may get off so!
It is, in truth, some time ago
Since we two together were.
And then the world-wide March of Intellect
Hath too the Devil into some shape lick'd;
The Northern Phantom's nowhere to be seen!—
Long doff'd his horns and tail and claws have been.
Then, for the Leg—which I *can't* spare—good sooth!
'T would be a drawback in society.—
Therefore, like many a gay and gallant youth,
I have worn false calves some years, d'ye see!

THE WITCH *(capering)*.

My joy I hardly can contain,
To see Squire Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Woman! I do forbid that name.

THE WITCH.

Why so? what harm on 't ever came?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T has long been banish'd into the domain
Of Fable—yet men still abide the same!
Rid of the Evil one, evil themselves remain!
Call me Sir Baron, and it will be good;
Like other Cavaliers I'm too a Cavalier;
And if thou doubtest of my noble blood—
Look here—these are the Arms I bear!

[*Making an unseemly gesture.*

THE WITCH *(laughing immoderately)*.

Hah! hah! thou art just the same as ever!
The same mad wag—as droll and clever!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST).

My friend! what you have seen now teaches
How rightly to converse with witches.

THE WITCH.

Now tell me, Sirs! what 'tis you need?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A good glass of *that* drink—you wot—
And of the oldest you have got ;
Years in it double strength do breed.

THE WITCH.

With all my heart ! here is a phial,
From which myself am wont to sip one while ;
What 's more, you 'll find too it don't stink a bit !
A glass for you I will with pleasure pour ;
[*In a whisper.*
But *he*—if unprepared he drinks of it,
You know full well he cannot live an hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He is a friend with whom it will go well ;
He must of all thy kitchen's best command.
Thy circle draw—thy spells now spell,
And a cup-ful to him hand.

[THE WITCH, *with quaint gestures, draws a circle, and places wondrous things therein ; the glasses meantime begin to ring, and the*

cauldrons to make music. She afterwards fetches a great book, and sets THE MONKEYS *in the circle, making them serve as a reading desk, and to hold the flambeaux.*

FAUST.

What is to come of all this? nay!
These frantic gestures—this mad stuff—
This most revolting juggler's-play
I know of old—hate too enough!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pshaw! it is only done to joke us;
You are too critical by half!
Like a Physician she plays hocus-pocus—
That good may come of what you 'll quaff.

[*He compels* FAUST *to enter the circle.* THE WITCH *begins to declaim from the book with great emphasis.*

THE WITCH.

By thee must be known
To make ten of one;

And then two of none ;
And even to make three ;
Then rich thou wilt be !—
Lose then the four !
Out of five and six—
So says the witch—
Make seven and eight ;
And 'tis done straight !
Then nine is one,
And ten is none !
This is the Witch's " One times One."

FAUST.

The Crone talks in a fever-fit !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hoh ! hoh ! it is not half done yet !
I know it of old—so sounds the whole book through ;
Myself have wasted much time on it too ;
For what a downright contradiction is,
Remains a riddle, or for fools or wise.

Both old and new the art you see,
And in all times the mean hath sped;
By three and one, and one and three
Error in lieu of truth to spread.
And thus men teach and babble without let;
Who with the blockheads would himself concern?
The world *will* think, if only words it get,
It surely must some wisdom from them learn.

THE WITCH *(in continuation)*.

The power high
That in Science doth lie—
It is from the whole world hidden!
Who never thought,
To him it is brought
Unlook'd-for, and unbidden!

FAUST.

What trash declaims she now before us?
My head is splitting with these noises!
Methinks I hear a jabbering chorus
Of ten thousand idiot voices!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Enough! enough! sweet Sybil mine!
Quick! hand us here that drink of thine,
And fill a cup-full to the brim;
'T will not do any harm to him!
A man of his Degrees, I wis,
Hath many a worse gulp made than this.

[THE WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup; as* FAUST *raises it to his lips, a slight flame rises from it.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Off with it quick! don't hesitate!
'T will soon thy heart with joy inspire—
With the Devil art most intimate—
And yet to be afraid of fire!

[THE WITCH *dissolves the circle*—FAUST *steps out.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now forth at once—thou may'st not rest.

THE WITCH.

May this your draught's effect be right.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*To* THE WITCH).

Now, any favour you may request,
But tell me, upon Walpurgi's night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song which if you sometimes sing,
It will the drink to wondrous issues bring.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come! quickly follow me—'tis fit
That with it you perspire a bit,
To make throughout its workings strong and good.
First shalt thou feel the joys of Indolence;
Then recognize, with ecstasy intense,
Cupid's warm movements in the salient blood!

FAUST.

Let me but snatch one look more in the Glass!
Ah me! that female form too lovely was!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No ! no ! thou soon before thine eyes shalt find,
In flesh and blood, the model of her kind.

Aside.

To him—this drink his fancies swelling—
Each woman will appear a Helen.

The Street.

FAUST. MARGARET *(passing by).*

FAUST.

My fair young lady—may I dare
My arm and escort offer you?

MARGARET.

I'm not a lady, Sir—nor fair—
Can home without an escort go.

[*Breaks loose from him and exit.*

FAUST.

By Heavens! that girl is passing fair!
Ne'er saw I anything so sweet;
No look, no gesture saw I, where
Such modesty and grace did meet.

And then, too, that half snappish air !—
Those rosy lips !—that sunny face !
The shyness of that downcast eye !
No time—no change will e'er erase
From my delighted memory—
Then her reply—so quick and tart !
That too enraptured my whole heart.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hoh ! you must get me yonder lass !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which, prithee ?

FAUST.

She e'en now did pass.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What *she ?* she 's just come from her Priest,
From every taint of sin releas'd ;
I skulk'd by the Confessional !—
A thing of spotless purity !
She had no need of shrift at all—
I 'm powerless over such as she !

FAUST.

And yet, methinks, she 's past fourteen !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You talk like Hans the Libertine,
Who thinks each flowret's hue and scent
For his delight alone are meant ;
That he may pluck each growing grace—
  But this, I say, won't always do.

FAUST.

My good Sir Doctor Preach-apace !
  With your wise saws don't plague me so.
But let me tell you this, outright—
If I don't hold, this very night,
Within mine arms that creature bright—
  At midnight you and I are two.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think what may and may not be—
  At least a fortnight I shall need
To watch my opportunity.

FAUST.

If I but seven hours leisure had
I should not want the Devil's aid,
So young a creature to beguile.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You 've caught almost a Frenchman's style!
But do not fret yourself I pray:
What need to seek enjoyment straight?
The pleasure is not nigh so great,
As when you have, in every way,
Twisted and twirl'd your doll about,
And turn'd your fancies inside out—
As many an Italian tale doth say.

FAUST.

I've appetite, without all that.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joking apart, I tell ye flat—
With yonder pretty little maid
Such rapid measures won't succeed.

By storm we ne'er shall take the fort:
We must to strategem resort.

FAUST.

Bring something from my angel blest!
Conduct me to her place of rest!—
A kerchief from her neck bring me!
A garter from her lovely knee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That you may know how great the zeal
I have, your wishes to fulfil,
We 'll let no moment slip away—
I 'll take your to her room to day!

FAUST.

And I shall see her—have her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

She to a female friend will go;
Meantime you can—while she's not there,—
Alone—and in her atmosphere,
Feed on the hopes of future bliss—

FAUST.

And now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

As yet, too soon it is.

FAUST.

A present quickly now procure !

[*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents so soon ! oh bravo ! he is sure
Of good fortune in this way.
Many fine places do I know,
Of treasures buried long ago,—
These I must now a bit survey.

Evening.

A small neat Room.

MARGARET (*braiding and doing up her hair*).

MARGARET.

I would give something, now, to say
Who 't was that spoke to me to day—
Right gallant, sure, was his address ;
And he 's of noble blood : Oh yes,
That on his forehead might be seen—
Else, too, he 'd not so saucy been.

[*Exit.*

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come on, quite gently, just come on !

FAUST *(after a pause).*

I pray thee leave me now alone !

MEPHISTOPHELES *(peering about the room).*

Few girls to be so neat I have known.

[*Exit.*

FAUST *(gazing round).*

Welcome to me, sweet Twilight's sheen,
That here thy filmy tissue weavest !
Seize all my heart, Love's pleasant pain !
That on the dews of Hope piningly livest !
Feelings of peace here breathe around,
Of order—of contentedness !
What plenty mid this want is found !
In this poor cell what blessedness !

[*He throws himself into the leather arm-chair by the bedside.*

Oh take *me* too !—many, in times long gone,
In weal or woe, thou hast ta'en with open arms !
How oft, around this patriarchal throne
Have gathering children hung, in eager swarms !
Here, haply—grateful for some Christmas toy,
She too hath kiss'd, with childhood's full round cheeks,
Her Grandsire's wither'd hand, in pious joy !——
The Spirit of plenitude and order speaks,
Here, in each rustling motion—gentle Maid !
Beautiful Spirit ! that, from day to day,
O'er thy young heart exerts a mother's sway :
The table with the cleanly cloth bespread—
The sanded floor, that crisps beneath thy tread—
Oh blessed hand ! of godlike ministry,
This narrow hut is made a Heaven through thee !
And here !———

[*He lifts up the bed-curtains.*

What breathless extacy now seizes me !
Here could I linger whole hours long meseems !

Bountiful Nature—here, amid light dreams,
The incarnate angel was matured by thee!
Here lay the babe! its tender breast
With warm life plenished—and here,
Developed by those eddies blest,
The Godlike image did appear!

And thou! what hath *thee* hither brought?
With what strange feelings am I wrought!
What will'st thou here? thy heart alas how sore!
Oh wretched Faust! I know thee now no more!

Breathes round me now a haunted atmosphere?
Erewhile for instant joy I panted so—
Now all away doth in a Love-dream flow—
Are we the sport of every gust of air?

And were she at this moment to come home—
How dearly would'st thou for thy rashness pay!

The braggart fool—how small would he become!
E'en at her feet dissolved away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick—quick! I see her now below!

FAUST.

Away! I will return no more.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a heavyish casket now,
That, from its hiding place, I bore;
Quick—let it in the press be laid,
I swear 't will almost turn her head!
I put some little trinkets in
Before, another girl to win.——
'Troth, girls are girls, and play is play.

FAUST.

Now shall I—?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why dost ask, I pray?
Dost mean to keep the things thyself?
Then truly it much better were

Thyself—this waste of weather fair—
And me—all further pains to spare!—
I hope thou art not fond of pelf?
I scratch my head, and rub my hands!
[*He puts the casket into the press, which he locks again.*
Now quickly—flee!
That the young chit may be
Obedient to your wish and will's commands!
You, meanwhile, look on so,
As to your Lecture-room about to go;
As 'fore you stood the bodily presence grey
Of Physic and Metaphysica!
Begone!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a Lamp.*

MARGARET.

It is so close—so stifling here!

[*Opens the window.*

Yet not so very warm the air.

I feel—I feel—I don't know how—

I wish my mother would come home now—

I have all over a shuddering—

I am a foolish—timorous thing.

[*She begins to sing while she undresses.*

There was a King in Thule,
Right constant—to the grave;
Whom she he loved so truly,
At her death, a gold Cup gave.

Nought like it did he prize;
Each feast he drained its draught;
Tears came into his eyes
As often as he quaffed.

And when his hour drew near
His cities he reckoned up;
Gave all unto his heir—
But with them not the Cup!

He sat at a festival;
Brave knights around had he—
In his old ancestral Hall,
In his Castle, there, by the sea.

Then up the old Toper stood,
Life's last last glow drank up;
Then below, into the flood,
Hurl'd down the sacred Cup!

He saw it whirling—drinking,
Sinking deep into the sea!
His eyes—they soon were sinking—
No drop more e'er drank he.

[*She opens the press to put in her clothes, and sees the casket.*

How could that pretty casket get in there—?
I 'm certain sure I lock'd the press;
'Tis strange! now what's inside? I cannot guess!
Maybe that some one brought it here
In pawn—and mother lent on it.
There, by a ribbon hangs a key—
Methinks I'll see if it will fit—
What is it? Gracious heavens! now see!
The like in all my days beheld I ne'er;
Jewels! that any Lady proud might be
On highest festivals to wear.
How would this chain now look on me?
Whose *can* be all such finery?

[*She puts them on and goes to the glass.*

If but these earrings now were mine!
One looks quite different in things so fine!
What boots thee Maiden! to be pretty?
Ay!—it may all be well and good!

But ne'er for beauty are we wooed,
And are prais'd too—half in pity.
Now everything Gold lords it o'er;
All long for Gold,
All strive for Gold—
Ah—well-a-day then for us poor!

A Promenade.

FAUST *walking up and down in deep thought—to him* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By the pangs of despised love!—by Hell's elemental flame!
I would that I knew a worse oath that with it I now might blaspheme!

FAUST.

What now?.... what goads you pray so sore?
A face like that I never saw before?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'd give myself to the Devil on the spot,
If I the very Devil himself were not!

FAUST.

Is your brain crack'd, that you are in such a passion?
With you suits mighty well such maniac fashion!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think! the jewels I for Margaret got—
A Priest has carried off with him the whole lot!
Her mother of the things gets sight,
And straight is seized with strange affright!
The old woman has a marvellous nose;
Aye in her prayer-book snuffling goes;
Sniffs at each moveable—and sniffs again,
To find if it be holy or profane!
Now, for the trinkets, she soon plainly sees,
That not much blessing can attach to these.
" My child," says she, " unrighteous wealth
" Is bad for soul's and body's health—

" Therefore these jewels we will straight
" Unto God's Mother dedicate,
" And she will rain Heaven's manna down !"
Poor Margaret began to frown
And pout—" Well, after all, " she thought,
" 'Tis but a gift horse we have got,
" And Godless, sure, he could not be
" Who put them there so nice for me ! "
Her mother, tho', sends for a Priest—
The good man quickly smokes the jest,
And mightily therewith was pleas'd !
" In this, " quoth he, " ye have done well !
" Who conquer, they shall bear the bell !
" The Church a stomach good doth own,
" Whole kingdoms hath she swallow'd down,
" And never yet repletion known !
" The Church alone, my daughters blest !
" Can aye illgotten wealth digest."

FAUST.

Prescriptive claims to it she 'll bring—
Your Jew will do 't too—or a King.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With that he grabs me—clasp—chain—ring—
As if so many figs they were!
And no more thanks to th' affair he puts
Than if he had got a bag of nuts!
For Heavenly things he spake 'em fair—
They were much edified withal!

FAUST.

And Margaret—?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Is vexed sore,
And can't tell what to do at all!
The trinkets, night and day, thinks o'er—
But upon him who brought 'em—more!

FAUST.

I 'm griev'd for my poor Margaret!
You must procure another set!
The first were no great things—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh no!
'Tis all child's play, of course, to you!

FAUST.

Now, prithee, to my wish attend!
Thou too must buckle to her friend!
Be not a Devil of milk and water,
But quick! let the new set be brought her!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All shall be done, Sire! as you say.

[*Exit* FAUST.

Your love-sick fool!—he 'll puff away
The Sun and Moon, and every Star,
For his Love's diversion——into air!

Neighbour Martha's House.

MARTHA *(alone)*.

Now God forgive my husband ! he
Indeed has sadly treated me !
Smack out in the world he 's gone a-roaming,
And left me here a poor lone 'oman !
And yet I never caus'd him woe,
But lov'd him dearly ! God doth know !

[*Weeps.*

Mayhap he 's dead ! oh woe is me !
Could I but see the Registry !

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

How now Margaret?

MARGARET.

I 'm like to sink upon the ground!
Again within my press I 've found
An ebon casket—and a set
Of other trinkets, oh so rare!
Far more so than the first ones were!

MARTHA.

Now, not one word on 't to your mother,
She 'll shrive this gift else just like t' other!

MARGARET.

Now only see! now only look!

MARTHA *(putting them on her)*.

Oh you lucky little chuck!

MARGARET.

But out—and in the streets, alas!
I must not wear 'em, or at Mass!

MARTHA.

Come often over here alone,
And put 'em on quite unbeknown!
Walk 'fore the looking-glass an hour or two!
We 'll have our bit of pleasure so.
Occasions soon will come— as feasts, 't may be,
At which we by degrees can let folks see;
A chain first—then the earrings—and your Mother
Won't see—or we 'll get up some tale or other.

MARGARET.

Who *could* bring both these caskets, now?
With things quite right 'twould not be so.

[*A knock at the door.*

If that should be my mother! oh!

MARTHA *(peeping through the curtains)*.

'T is a strange gentleman. Come in!

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Made bold to come right in, you see:
Ladies! excuse this liberty.

(Steps back respectfully from before MARGARET).

'T is Mistress MARTHA SCHWERDTLEIN I re-
quire.

MARTHA.

I 'm she ; what is the gentleman's desire ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in a low voice to her*).

I know you now—enough ! I see
At present you 've high company.
Excuse the freedom I have shown;
I 'll call again this afternoon.

MARTHA (*aloud*).

Think, child ! by all the powers that made ye !
The stranger takes ye for a lady !

MARGARET.

I am a poor young girl ! oh dear,
The gentleman's too kind by far !—
These ornaments are not mine own !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh ! it is not the ornaments alone !
There 's something in that look and mien—— !
How glad I am that I may stay !

MARTHA.

Your business, Sir? for I would fain——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I wish I had better things to say!
I trust you will not make me rue—
Your husband's dead, and sends his love to you.

MARTHA.

Is dead? dear heart! oh misery!
My husband's dead! oh, I shall die!

MARGARET.

Now don't take on so, Martha dear!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thus, then, the doleful story hear!

MARGARET.

I 'm sure I ne'er will wed long as I live,
A loss like that I never could survive!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sorrow must joy—joy sorrow must attend!

MARTHA.

Now tell me all about his end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In the city of Padua he lies,
Buried at Holy Anthony's;
In a spot well consecrate—to keep
A cool, and everlasting sleep.

MARTHA.

And have you nothing else to bring?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes Ma'am! one great and grave request—
For him three hundred Masses they must sing—
I've empty pockets for the rest.

MARTHA.

What ne'er a show-coin—ne'er a trinket?
What every working journeyman is sure
To hoard up in his purse—however poor!
And rather begs—or starves!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To think it,
Madam, afflicts me very much!
A Squanderer! in good sooth he was not such;

And all his faults, too, he repented sore!—
Ay! and lamented his bad luck much more.

MARGARET.

Alas! that men so luckless be! for him
I will indeed sing many a Requiem!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now you deserve forthwith to wed;
You 're such an amiable maid!

MARGARET.

Oh no! it is too soon as yet.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a husband, then a gallant get.
'T would be, in sooth, a heavenly joy
With such a little thing to toy!

MARGARET.

That 's not the custom we have here.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, yet such things *are!*

MARTHA.

But pray go on!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by his death-bed's side;
'T was not exactly with dung supplied,
But musty straw; yet he a good Christian died!
And, dying, discovered that he had much more
Than he had dream'd of, on his score!
" Oh what a wretch, " he cried, " was I
" To leave my business and my wife!
" The very thought on 't makes me die!
" But that she had forgiv'n me in this life!"

MARTHA.

Poor dear! I 've long forgiv'n him heartily!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

" Yet she, God knows, was more in fault than I. "

MARTHA.

The liar! what! on the brink of the grave to lie!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He fabled, doubtless, in his last agony,
If to perception *I* 've the least pretence!
" 'T was no light, matter, that of mine," he said

" First to get children, then to get 'em bread,
" And bread, too, in its widest sense;
" And I could never eat in peace my share!"

MARTHA.

And did he so forget my love and care!
My drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so! he felt thereon aright!
" When that from Malta we set sail," he said,
" For wife and children fervently I prayed,
" And Heaven was favourable to my prayer;
" We captured soon a Turkish brigantine
" That a great treasure of the Sultan's bare;
" Each got thereof, as his deserts had been;
" And, as was right, mine was a goodly share."

MARTHA.

Eh—how? Eh—where? may be in the earth he has hid it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Who knows, now, whither the four winds have sped it?

A Naples girl conceived a fancy for him,
As he, quite strange, was strolling 'bout the town:
She gave such marks of the warm love she bore him,
As by him, e'en to his blest end, were known.

MARTHA.

Wretch! robber of his children and his wife!
And all our misery—all our need,
Could never stop his wicked life!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See now! that 's just the reason he is dead!
But in like case with you were *I*,
I 'd wear my weeds for one chaste year,
For a new love keeping, meantime, an eye.

MARTHA.

Oh Lord! but like my first! I fear
The world don't hold another such:
There could not be a fonder fool than mine;
He but lov'd roaming about a bit too much,

And stranger women, and stranger wine,
And then that cursed dicing too!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well! well! a goodish compromise,
If, in his turn, he shut his eyes
To the like little faults in you!
I 'd gladly, upon terms so fair,
Change rings with you myself—I swear!

MARTHA.

No—there! you 're only making fun!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

Egad! 'tis time for me to run!
This woman here, I feel assured,
Would make—the very Devil keep his word!

[*To* MARGARET.

Well now! how fares it with thy heart?

MARGARET.

How mean you, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

How innocent thou art!

(Aloud). Ladies, farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

Stop! stop! Before you go—
I 'd like to have a document, or so—
As to the how, and when, and where, and all
About my poor dear's death and burial:
My love for doing things orderly is great—
' Should like to read him " Dead " in the gazette.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Two witnesses, Ma'am, everywhere,
Suffice to make the truth appear.
A fine youth bears me company—
I 'll take him 'fore the judge with me—
I 'll bring him hither.

MARTHA.

Oh pray do!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And this young lady will be here too?
A travell'd spark—a younker bright,
To ladies always most polite!

MARGARET.

'Should be abashed 'fore one of such high worth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No! not 'fore any King on earth!

MARTHA.

In the garden here, behind—we two
Will this evening wait for you.

A Street.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Well now? how speeds it? is she mine?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! in flames I find you here?
Margaret shall soon be thine,
This evening, at Dame Martha's, shalt thou see her:
A woman that—expressly made
For the bawd and gypsey trade.

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet *she* 'll beg for something when we go there.

FAUST.

Well! one good turn deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We have only duly to depose,
That her lord's outstretch'd limbs repose
In holy ground, at Padua.

FAUST.

How wondrous clever! we must go there first.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Suncta simplicitas! no need at all to go!
You 've only got to swear to what you do not know.

FAUST.

If you 've no better plot your bubble's burst.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh saintly man! now there you are!
Will 't be the first time in your life

That you false testimony bare?
Of God—the World, and all that in it moves—
Of Man—of all he thinks, of all he loves,
Hast thou not been with definitions rife?
Giv'n with high hand, bold front, and dauntless breast!
And,—would'st thou look into thyself,—of such
('T must be per-force by thee confess'd)
As of Herr Schwerdtlein's death thou knew'st as much!

FAUST.

Thou art, and e'er will be, Sophist and Liar!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ay! an one's ken reach'd not a trifle higher!
Now—prithee—wilt thou not, to morrow,
All oaths of faith and honour borrow,
The little Margaret to befool?
And swear to love her—from thy soul?

FAUST.

And that sincerely!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Be it so!

Then—of eternal truth and love!

One mastering passion—all above!

Will all *that* come sincerely too?

FAUST.

Have done, it will! When that I own

That domination—frenzied passion!

Seek names to name it—find not one!

With wide creation all my being blend—

Catch at each most intense expression;

And then—the fire wherewith I burn,

Ever!—eternally!—call too eterne—

Is this the Lie-sport of a Fiend?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ne'ertheless, I 'm right.

FAUST.

Now list to me!

And, prithee, spare my waste of breath!

Who *will* be right, and a tongue only hath,
Right 's sure to be !
But come ! something too much of such-like
chatter;
Thou 'rt right for this—that I can 't help the
matter.

Garden.

MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*—MARTHA *with* MEPHISTOPHELES, *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

Now I 'm quite sure you 're only making game!
Are stooping thus but to enjoy my shame!
You travellers are oft so kind,
As to put up with all you find;
But ne'er can my poor talk—too well I know!
Have power to amuse a clever man like you.

FAUST.

One look! one word from thee doth more suffice
Than all the wisdom of the wise!

[*He kisses her hand.*

MARGARET.

Don't trouble yourself! Oh now! how can you
kiss it?
It is so ugly—is so rough:
Working and working, all day long I 'm busied:
My mother 's strict more than enough.

[*They pass on.*

MARTHA.

And you Sir—you are travelling so always?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Alas! that our callings make it necessary!
With what reluctance quit we many a place,
And yet thereat we dare not tarry!

MARTHA.

'Tis not amiss, in hey-day prime,
Roving and roving, thus at large to run;

But comes at length the evil time;
And to the grave to slink alone,
A cheerless bachelor, is good for none!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shuddering I see this from afar!

MARTHA.

Then, ere too late, dear Sir—beware!

[*They pass on.*

MARGARET.

Yes! out of sight and out of mind:
You are ready at civility!
But 'mong your hosts of friends you 'll find
That all have much more sense than I.

FAUST.

Darling! believe me, what the world calls sense
Is oftener vanity and blindness!

MARGARET.

How?

FAUST.

Ah! that simplicity—that innocence,
Itself, and its hallowed worth, should never know!
Neer know that lowliness, humility,
Are the best gifts boon Nature can bestow!

MARGARET.

Only one little moment think on me;
I shall have time enough to think on you!

FAUST.

You are doubtless much alone?

MARGARET.

Yes! though our household is but small,
Yet there's a good deal to be done!
We keep no maid—I cook and clean up all,
I have to sweep, and knit, and sew,
Early and late be one the stir;
And then my mother too
Is in all things *so* near!

Not that she need to pinch at just that rate ;
More than some others do might we ;
My father left a pretty property,
A house and garden outside the Town-gate.
Yet somewhat smoothly now my days flow on ;
My brother 's for a soldier gone ;
My little sister 's dead ;
With her, indeed, a weary time I had !
Yet all again would willingly go through,
I lov'd the little creature so !

FAUST.

An Angel was it, if like thee !

MARGARET.

I brought it up, and 't was so fond of me !
After my father's death 't was born ;
And we had given my mother over,
She lay in such a state forlorn !
And only bit by bit did she recover :
And, then, she was of course unfit,
Weak as she was, to suckle it ;

And so I nursed it—all alone—
With milk and water—'t was thus my own!
In my arms, in my lap, the Love
Smiled, kick'd its little heels, and throve.

FAUST.

Doubtless you had therewith most pure delight?

MARGARET.

Oh yes! but many an anxious hour too, Sir!
Its little cradle stood at night
By my bed-side, and it could hardly stir
But I was awake!
One while to give it drink—one while to take
Into my bed—if not good then, get out,
And try to hush it by walking the room about.
And then, by dawn, at the wash-tub to stand;
Then go to market—then the household tend!
And all this too from day to day!—
Oh Sir! one's spirits in this way
Cannot be always at their best—
Yet it makes sweet one's food and rest!

[*They pass on.*

MARTHA.

We women are in evil case !
You bachelors are hard to mend !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That we may better thoughts embrace,
Doth on the like of you depend.

MARTHA.

Now, honour bright ! you 've really no one met ?
Your heart has never felt an interest yet ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The proverb says " A man's own hearth
And a good wife have pearls' and jewels' worth."

MARTHA.

I mean—like—had you never a desire ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 've met with kind reception everywhere.

MARTHA.

I would say . . . was your heart in earnest never ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

One must not dare to joke with ladies ever !

MARTHA.

Tsa—you don't see!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'm sorry I 'm so blind;

Yet I do see .... that you are very kind.

[*They pass on.*

FAUST.

Me, little Angel! thou did'st recognize

The moment that I came into the garden?

MARGARET.

Did not you see? how I cast down my eyes!

FAUST.

And for that liberty I have thy pardon?

For all my boldness ventured,—as

Thou from the Minster-door did'st pass?

MARGARET.

I was confused—'t had happened ne'er before!

None could say anything 'was bad of me.

"Ah," thought I, "in my carriage could he see

" Ought an unmaidenly appearance wore ?
" 'T was just as though he to himself had said
" ' Oh tis an easy game with that young maid.' "
But something soon—I know not what it was—
Warm in your favour, *here*, began to grow ;
But with myself I was indeed right cross
That I could'nt make myself more cross with you.

FAUST.

Sweet love !

MARGARET.

Wait !

[*She gathers a Starflower, and plucks off the petals one by one.*

FAUST.

What is that for ? a nosegay ?

MARGARET.

No ! a game.

FAUST.

What ?

MARGARET.

You 'll laugh now ! get away !

[*She plucks the petals, murmuring to herself.*

FAUST.

What 's that thou art murmuring ?

MARGARET *(in a low tone).*

Loves me—yes—no !

FAUST.

Thou sweetest heavenliest Angel thou !

MARGARET.

Loves me—yes—no—yes—no,

[*Plucks the last petal, and exclaims with extacy,*

He loves me !

FAUST.

Yes dearest ! let this flower-word be

As an oracular utterance to thee—

He loves thee !

Know'st thou the meaning of the words—" he loves thee " ?

[*He clasps both her hands in his.*

MARGARET.

I feel a shuddering!

FAUST.

Oh tremble not! oh let these eyes,
Let this hand's warm pressure tell
All that is unutterable!
That soul-abandonment—those extacies
That never-ending are!
Ending? their end would be—despair!
Oh no! no end—no end!

[MARGARET *presses his hands, breaks loose from him, and escapes. He stands a moment in thought, and then follows her.*

MARTHA *(advancing).*

Night 's coming on.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes! and we must away.

MARTHA.

I 'd ask you longer here to stay,
But that it is a very bad-tongue'd place.

'T is as if folks had nothing else to do,
And think of too,
But spy after their neighbour's doings and ways.
And, spite of all one's care, still folks will talk!—
And our young couple?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Are flown up yonder walk;—
Wild butterflies!

MARTHA.

He takes to her now—eh?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she to him—such is the world's way.

A small Summer-house.

MARGARET *bounds in and hides behind the door: then puts her finger on her lips, and peeps through the crevices.*

MARGARET.

He 's coming.

FAUST *(approaching).*

Rogue! and thus thou teazest me?
I have caught thee!

[*He kisses her.*

MARGARET *(embracing him, and returning his kiss).*

Dearest! I love thee heartily!

MEPHISTOPHELES *taps.*

FAUST.

Who 's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend !

FAUST.

A beast !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'T is time, methinks, to go !

MARTHA (*advancing*).

Yes, Sir, 't is getting late.

FAUST.

Oh mayn't I go with you ?

MARGARET.

My mother would——farewell !

FAUST.

Oh, must I then be gone ?

Farewell !

MARTHA.

Adieu !

MARGARET.

I trust we shall meet soon!

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

Oh gracious heavens! Such a one
How all things he can talk upon!
Before him, in shamefacedness,
I stood—and said to all *he* said—" yes!"
I can't conceive what he can see
In a poor silly girl like me!

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST *(alone)*.

Spirit sublime ! thou hast given me all, yea all !
For which I pray'd ! Thou hast—oh not in vain !
Turn'd towards me thy bright countenance in fire !
Thou hast giv'n me Nature for my rich domain,
With power to feel, and to enjoy her—not
Mid fleeting glances only, and blank awe,—
Thou hast given me power into her breast profound
To gaze, as on the bosom of a friend !
Thou marshallest the array of living Powers

Before mine eyes ; and teachest me to know
My brethren, in mute tree, or breeze, or stream !
And when the Tempest, thro' the forest howling,
Lays low the giant pine, its neighbour-boughs,
And neighbour-stems wide crashing—whilst the hills
Give back the hollow thunders of the fall—
Then dost thou lead me to some cave secure,
Then shew'st thou me myself—then stand revealed
Truths strange and deep, unto my secret soul !
Before mine eyes, the while, climbs the pure Moon,
Steeping the calmed scene in tender light ;
And from steep rocks, and lowly dripping shrubs,
The pale and silvery Phantoms of the Past
Up-floating—hover round me—sweetest calm
Infusing into Thought's unquiet joys !

Alas ! that Man may know no perfect gift,
I, now, too deeply feel ! With these delights,

That raise me near and nearer to the Gods,
Thou hast given me a companion ! without whom
I can no longer live; albeit in hate
And scorn he doth abase me to myself,
And with a breath annihilates thy gifts !
He kindles in my breast, with studied zeal,
The flames of wild desire for that sweet form ;
So rush I from desire upon enjoyment,
And 'mid enjoyment pine for new desire !

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, now ! hast had enough of that same mood ?
Or, say ! dost please a longer spell to try ?
T' indulge it once or so is well and good,
But mind ! to something new thou quick must fly !

FAUST.

I would thou hadst somewhat else to do
Than plague me in my hour of bliss !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Heh! deh! alone *I'll* willingly leave *you*—
You do not dare in earnest to say this!
A chum like you, so peevish, curst, and cross,
Were, to be sure, no very grievous loss!
One has his hands full, all day long!
And, then, one never rightly knows
What may his humour suit, or what be wrong,
By significations of his Lordship's nose!

FAUST.

There, now! that 's always just his way!
He 'll plague me, then ask thanks for pay.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What sort of life, poor Son of clay!
Would'st thou, without my aid, have led?
Imagination's cranks away
I long have driven from thy head!
And, but for me, this many a day
Thou wouldst thy exit hence have made!

In craggy cave, or rocky hole,
Why dost thou sit here, like an owl?
And why suck, like a toad,
From seeping moss and dripping stones thy food?
A pretty pastime, and a sweet!
The Doctor hangs about thee yet.

FAUST.

Knew'st thou the rich access of power, that bring
These solitudes—this still self-communing!
Nay! an thou couldest it but faintly guess,
Thou wouldst be Devil enough to grudge my happiness!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Super-terrestrial delight!
To lie on hills amid the dews of night!
To embrace both Heaven and Earth in extacy!
To swell the soul up to divinity!
With yearnings dive into the core of earth!
To feel the stirrings of the six days' birth!

In pride of power to enjoy—what no one knows!
While upon all the heart with love o'erflows,—
This earthly quite sublimed away!
And *then*—the insight high to close
[*With a coarse gesture.*
With—what I dare not say.

FAUST.

Fie on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It likes you not? and fie
You 're quite in the right to exclaim so morally!
Before chaste ears one cannot well speak out,
That which chaste hearts yet cannot do without:
And, once for all, I willingly accord,
When fitting opportunities arise,
The privilege, unto my Lord,
Of the pretexts of specious lies!
But soon this fancy will have pass'd;
Back on your old ways you 'll be driven!
Or, if not so, your brain be riven

With anguish or despair at last!—
Enough of this! at home thy love is sitting,
And all seems to her sad and mean;
Of thee her thoughts—unintermitting!
She 's mightily in love, I ween.
At first thy passion gush'd without controul,
As snow-swollen brooks their banks o'erleap amain;
Thou hast poured its might into *her* soul,
And now thy brook is dry again.
Instead of humouring thus his forest-whim,
Methinks 'twould better suit my Lord,
The little monkey to reward
For her exceeding love of him!
Time with her goes weary long!
From her window she watches the clouds roll by,
Over the ancient turrets high;
" An I a little bird were," so runs her song,
All the day long—half the night long;

Most whiles is she sad—tho' sometimes gay—
One while hath quite outwept her tears,
And then again quite tranquil she appears,
But in love—alway!

FAUST.

Serpent—serpent thou!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(aside)*.

Hah! hah! I have you now!

FAUST.

Take thine accursed presence hence!
Name not the lovely creature's name;
Make not that form once more inflame
With appetite my half-distracted sense!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How is it, then? she thinks you have taken flight;
And, in a sort, she is not far from right.

FAUST.

Near am I to her—were I e'er so far
Could ne'er forget her! ne'er to lose afford!
Nay, more—when raised to those sweet lips there,
I envy e'en the body of the Lord!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite right, my friend! and envy oft are breeding;
In me too, that twin pair among the roses feeding!

FAUST.

Pander! avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You rail, and laugh must I!
The God, who lads and lasses made,
Well understood that noblest trade
Of making also Opportunity!
But just step on—oh woeful lot!
To your love's chamber you shall hie,
And not to death, I wot.

FAUST.

Within her arms what rapture blest!
Oh let me warm me on her breast!
Feel I not ever for her woe?
And I?—an outcast without house or home!
A wretch that neither aim nor rest doth know!
Like a fierce cataract, with dashing foam,

Leaping, from steep to steep, to the abyss below!
She, sidewards, there, in child-like thought appears,
In her small hut, upon its alpine plot;
Her little world of household cares,
Embraced within that narrow spot!
And I—of God accursed! not content
That I the opposing rocks to ruin rent,
Her—and her peace I needs must undermine!
This innocent Victim, Hell! thou claimest for thine!
Help, Devil, to cut short this agony!
Let what must happen, happen now!
Let her doom, falling, crush too me;
And both at once to ruin go!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How it boils again, and glows!
Go in, you fool! and comfort her:
When such a head no outlet knows,
He thinks, be sure the end is there.

Long life to him who bravely bears him!
In most things else you are one of us——
Nought find I so ridiculous,
As a Devil who despairs him!

Margaret's Room.

MARGARET *at her Spinning-wheel, alone.*

My peace is gone!—
  Oh heavy heart's pain!
It will come to me never,
  Ah never again!

Where he is not near
'T is a sepulchre!
The wide world all
Is steeped in gall!

Oh my poor head!—
It is gone distraught!
Oh my poor sense!—
It is overwrought!

My peace is gone!—
Oh heavy heart's pain!
It will come to me never,
Ah never again!

For him only I look
From the casement out!
Him only I seek,
As I wander about!

His noble gait!
His stature high!
The smile of his lips!
The flash of his eye!

And his flowing words'
  Enchantingness!
The clasp of his hand,
  And ah! his kiss.

My peace is gone!—
  Oh heavy heart's pain!
It will come to me never,
  Ah! never again!

My bosom yearns
  To be press'd to his!
Oh could I enfold him,
  Caress him and kiss!
Caress him and kiss him,
  As I desire!—
Then on his kisses
  In rapture expire.

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET. FAUST.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry!

FAUST.

All I can!

MARGARET.

Now say, what think'st thou of Religion?
Thou art, I know, a kind, good-hearted man;
But yet, methinks, thou hold'st not much
thereon.

FAUST.

Leave that, my sweet ! to thee thou know'st I' m
good !
And for my love would pour forth my heart's
blood !
Would no one of his faith, or of his church be-
reave !

MARGARET.

That 's not enough, we also must believe.

FAUST.

Must we ?

MARGARET.

Oh that with thee I 'd influence !
Thou honourest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST.

I honour them !

MARGARET.

But not with a longing passion—
'T is long since thou hast been to Mass or to Con-
fession.
Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST.

My darling! who
"I do believe in God" may dare avow?
Of Priest, or Philosophic Sage
The question ask, and his reply
Shall seem a very mockery
Of the Questioner!

MARGARET.

Then thou dost *not* believe?

FAUST.

My brightfaced angel, do not misconceive!
Who dare Him name?
Or who proclaim
"I do believe in Him"?
Who can feel,
Or dare in words the thought reveal,
"I do *not* believe in Him"?
The All-enfolding!
The All-upholding!
Enfolds He not—upholds He not
Thee—me—Himself?

Is not yon Heaven vaulted o'er us?
Is not the firm Earth here beneath it lying?
And are not now, with looks of love, upclimbing,
The troops of the everlasting Stars?
Now, eye to eye, am I not on thee gazing?
And are not all things thronging
Upon thy breast—upon thy brain!
And, in the eternal mystery,
Unseen or seen, around thee floating?
Fill full thy heart therewith, how large soe'er
it be;
And, with thy feelings rapt to ecstasy,
Then call it what thou wilt!
Call it Joy!—Heart!—Love!—GOD!
For it no name have I,
Feeling is all in all!
A Name—were sound and smoke,
Dimming Heaven's glorious light!

MARGARET.

Now that is all quite good and right:

Our Priest says something very like it,
Only in somewhat different phrases.

FAUST.

The same say in all places,
All hearts, under the heavenly day,
Each in what words he may:
Wherefore not I too in mine?

MARGARET.

Yes! in that way it *does* sound very fine;
And yet there 's something wrong in 't too,
For still no Christian Faith hast thou.

FAUST.

My lovely Girl!

MARGARET.

It long hath grieved me
To see you in such sort of company!

FAUST.

How so?

MARGARET.

That man with whom thou art mated
Is by me in my inmost being hated.

Never, in all my days, hath ought
Such pangs into my bosom brought,
As that fellow's repulsive look.

FAUST.

Fear him not, my darling chuck !

MARGARET.

His presence curdles all my blood—
To all men else I am kind and good:
But as for thee I yearn—so when I see
That man, an inward shuddering seizes me ;
I take him for a scoundrel, too—
God pardon me, if wrong to him I do.

FAUST.

And yet such quizzes needs must be.

MARGARET.

I would not live with such as he !
If he comes but to the door,
He peers in with such fiendish eyes,
With spite half boiling o'er !

One sees that he with nought can sympathize:
'T is written, that low'ring brow above,
That he no human soul can love.
In thy arms 't is so well with me!
In sweet abandonment, so warm! so free!——
His presence chills my inmost being through.

FAUST.

Thou sweet divining Spirit, thou!

MARGARET.

It overcomes me with such mastering power,
That if to where we are he comes but nigh,
I feel as if I *loved* thee then no more,
And never could I pray if he were by!
And this it is torments me so—
And thou must feel it, Henry, too!

FAUST.

Oh! thou hast an antipathy.

MARGARET.

I must go now.

FAUST.

Oh ne'er may I
For one short hour hang upon thy breast?
While heart to heart and soul to soul are press'd.

MARGARET.

Oh! if I did but sleep alone,
To night I 'd leave the bolt undrawn;
But then my mother sleeps not sound,
And if by her we should be found—
I should fall dead upon the spot!

FAUST.

My lovely Angel, fear it not!
Here is a phial, out of which
Three drops if with her drink you mix,
A deep delicious sleep will nature seize.

MARGARET.

What will I not do, thee to please!
It will not surely hurt her, if I do it?

FAUST.

Else, darling, think'st thou I 'd persuade thee to it?

MARGARET.

Thee, dearest! if I only look upon,
Something I know not bends me to thy will!
For thee I have so much already done,
That little else remains me to fulfil.

[*Exit.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Magpie! is she gone?

FAUST.

Hast spied again?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I guess I pretty fully understood
Sir Doctor was being catechised then;
—'Trust also that the same may do him good!
Your girls, egad! are much concern'd to know
If one be pious!—jog on the good old road!
"Docile in that," think they, "to us he'll be so too."

FAUST.

Wretch! thou canst not perceive
That this confiding soul,
Abounding in her faith—
That faith she doth believe
Sole-saving—is of holy torments full,
Lest that the man she loves should tread the paths of death!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most supersensual sensual youngster!
A green girl leads him by the nose!

FAUST.

Thou fire and offal-gender'd monster!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy such skill she shows!
Feels in my presence—she can 't just tell how—
This phiz betokens dark intents of evil—
Is quite convinced I am a genius too!
Nay, and who knows if not—the very Devil!
Well, then, to-night——?

FAUST.

That 's nought to you.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I 'll have my share of pleasure, though!

At the Fountain.

MARGARET *and* LIZZY, *with Pitchers.*

LIZZY.

Hast heard about young Barbara ?

MARGARET.

Not a word—I go out very little now.

LIZZY.

Oh yes ! it is all blown—as how
She 's been befool'd—Sybil told me to-day.
That comes of high-flying !

MARGARET.

How?

LIZZY.

Pah! it stinks!—
She feeds a couple when she eats and drinks.

MARGARET.

Ah!

LIZZY.

Oh she deserved, and richly, this mishap.
How she did dangle after that young chap!
Such a promenading!
At fairs and at dancing booths, such a parading!
Everywhere who but she was to shine?
Always a-treated to tartlets and wine!
Thought her beauty wondrous fine!
Nay! so far did the barefaced hussy go,
As even to take his presents, too!
Fine doings! such huggings and kissings went on—
But now you see the flower is e'en gone!

MARGARET.

Poor thing!

LIZZY.

And you can feel for her?
When the like of us a-spinning were,
And mother ne'er let us go down after dark!
She was billing and cooing with that young spark
On the bench at the door,—in the dusky walk;
I guess no time was too long for their talk.
But she may go humble her now—as is meet;
And do penance at Church in a white sheet.

MARGARET.

He 'll make her, sure, his wedded wife?

LIZZY.

He 'd be a fool!—He 's free as air;
He may go rove now anywhere.
Besides, he 's off.

MARGARET.

That is not kind!

LIZZY.

And if she had him, she would find
The boys would tear her garland for her,
And we 'd strew chaff before her door.

[*Exit.*

MARGARET *(walking towards home).*

How bravely, once, could I upbraid
The slips of each poor erring maid!
'Gainst others' sins could never find
Words strong enough to speak my mind!
How black they seem'd! Made still more black
By me—there still did blackness lack—
Bless'd myself—in self-righteous pride!
Now my own sin and shame must hide!
Yet all that urged me on—alas!
How sweet!—Oh God!—how dear it was!

A Zwinger.

In the Niche of the Wall an Image of the MATER DOLOROSA. *Pots of Flowers before it.*

MARGARET *(putting fresh flowers into the Pots).*

Deign, oh! deign,
Thou rich in pain,
To bend thy gracious looks on me!

Sword-pierced that breast!
With thousand woes opprest
Thou look'st on thy Son's agony!

To the Father lift'st thine eyes,
And sendest up thy sighs,
For sorrows borne by Him and thee !

Who knows
The dire throes
That rack me to the bone ?
How my poor heart in me burneth,
How it throbbeth—how it yearneth ;
THOU only knowest—THOU alone !

Where'er I go,
Alas ! what woe—what woe !
Weighs on my bosom, here.
Scarce am I left alone,
I moan—I moan—I moan,
With heart to bursting near !

Their plants before my window
My tears bedew'd—ah me !

As, at the break of morning,
I pluck'd these flowers for thee!

Ere brightly, through my chamber,
Its earliest rays were shed,
I sat, in weeping anguish,
Already on my bed.

From shame and death, oh set me free!
Deign, oh! deign,
Thou rich in pain!
To bend thy gracious looks on me!

Night.

Street before MARGARET'S *Door.*

VALENTINE *(a Soldier,* MARGARET'S *brother).*

As I made one of a jovial crew,
(When each his comrade strives to outdo,)
And every one was sounding there
The praises of his favourite fair;
And her, whose beauty he was boasting,
Was with o'erflowing bumpers toasting—
My elbows on the board, the while,
I sat composed,—and, with a smile,

All their rodomontading heard—
And slily, then, I stroked my beard,
And with a full glass in my hand,
I said, "Come! all things in their kind,
"But can you, pray, in all the land,
"A girl like my own Margaret find?
"Who 's fit to hold to her a light?"
Cling!—Clang! about the challenge went,
And some of them cried out "He 's right,"
"She is her sex's ornament."—
The boasters all were silenced quite!—
But now—enough to make one tear
Out by the very roots one's hair,
Or run up walls perpendicular—
With taunts, and gibes, and turn'd-up nose,
Me every blackguard may abuse!
—Must like a cheating debtor sit,
At every chance-dropp'd word to sweat!
And, though I thrash 'em black and blue,
I ne'er can call 'em liars too.

Hollo! what 's that?—who 's skulking there?
If I mistake not there 's a pair.
If't's he—in a twinkling I 'll let drive;
He shall not quit this spot alive!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

As from the window of yon Sacristy
Th' eternal lamp shoots up its flickering beams,
Sidewards diffused to faint and fainter gleams,
Till in the rounding gloom lost utterly!
So all within my breast is nightly-dim.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I feel, like a Tom-cat, light and slim!
That up along the fire-ladders crawls,
And then slinks stealthily along the walls:
I feel quite virtuous withal, and with a measure
Of warm tom-cattishness—of thievish pleasure.
My blood already 'gins to bound,
In foretaste of Walpurgi's night.

After to-morrow it comes round;
Ay!—then indeed one wakes aright.

FAUST.

Is that the treasure rising there, I wonder?—
That lambent flame that I see yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It soon shall be your favour'd lot
To lift out of the ground the pot!
At it I lately gave a squint—
Heaps of rich Lion-dollars in 't!

FAUST.

But ne'er a trinket? ne'er a ring?
To decorate my mistress dear?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I guess I did see some such thing;—
Some strings of pearls, methinks, were there.

FAUST.

Well, now—that 's right: it grieves me sore
When I go empty-handed to her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet you need not feel regret
That you some pleasure gratis get.

But now, while stars are clustering there,
I 'll give a masterpiece of art;
I 'll sing to her a *moral* air;—
The surer to befool her heart.

[*Sings to the gittern.*

Oh Catherine fair!
What dost thou there,
At dawn of day before thy lover's door?
Silly thing, beware!
Thou enterest there
A maid, but thou return'st a maid no more.

Maidens! ye need
Love's wiles to heed!
Is 't done?—oh fie! good night—all is over!
Warily—warily!
Charily—charily!
Ere you win the Gold Ring from your lover!

VALENTINE *(stepping forward)*.

Whom lure you there?—you damnable
And foining old rat-catcher, you!
First with your instrument to hell—
Pack after it the singer too.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The gittern's smash'd—there 's nothing to be done.

VALENTINE.

Now look out for a broken crown.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST).

Don't yield an inch, Sir Doctor—Brisk!
Keep close, and follow what I say.
Now then! out with your dusting-whisk;
I 'll parry—meanwhile thrust away.

VALENTINE.

Well, parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh yes! why not?

VALENTINE.

And that!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of course!

VALENTINE.

'T must be the Devil I 've got.—
Hah now! what's this? my hand's already lamed.

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST).

Thrust away!

VALENTINE *(falls).*

Oh....!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There now, the lout is tamed.
But let's sheer off—we straight must disappear—
Hark—they 've already raised a hue and cry!
With the Police I get off easily—
But with the Blood bann!—that's another affair!

MARTHA *(at the Window).*

Outside! outside!

MARGARET *(at the Window).*

Quick! bring a light!

MARTHA *(as above).*

They rail and scuffle—shout and fight!

THE CROWD.

Here lies one already dead.

MARTHA *(coming out).*

The murderers—have they then fled?

MARGARET *(coming out).*

Who's this?

THE CROWD.

The son of thine own mother!

MARGARET.

Almighty God! what woe! my brother?

VALENTINE.

I 'm dying!—that is said full soon,
And sooner e'en than said is done.
Women! why wail and howl so there?
Come nigh, and unto me give ear!

[*All gather round him.*

Now, look ye, Margaret!—you're young still,
And have not yet sufficient skill

To set your trade about;
But this I 'll whisper in your ear,
A whore now, once for all, you are;
Then be one—out and out!

MARGARET.

Brother—my God! what does this mean?

VALENTINE.

Take not our Lord God's name in vain!
What 's done, alas, we can't undo!
And matters will go, as they must go!
In secret thou begin'st with one;
Upon him follow more anon;
And when they 've to a dozen grown,
Thou 'lt then be had by all the town!

When Shame into the world 's first born,
Her birth is hidden from the light;
And the hood of darkest night
Over her head and ears is drawn!

Nay, they 're e'en fain to strangle her—
  But soon she grows and grows apace ;
  And bares at last to the day her face,
Tho' not become one jot more fair!
Nay, the more ugly grown, alway
The more she flaunts her to the day.

I see the time ! already see !
When all good burger-folk from thee
Shall shrink, and fear to touch thee, worse—
Thou Strumpet !—than a leprous corse !
Thy heart shall die within thee, when
  Their eyes shall look thee in the face !
Shalt wear no more a golden chain !
  No more at the altar take thy place !
No more, in ruff and collar white,
At the dance take innocent delight !
But in some loathsome corner hide,
Where lazars and beggars and cripples abide !

And if thou mercy find from Heaven,
Still, in this world, be unforgiven!

MARTHA.

Thy soul to God His grace commend!
Wilt slander even in thine end?

VALENTINE.

The wither'd carcase of yon wretch—
Thee, shameless bawd! could I but reach;
Full measure of forgiveness then
I 'd trust to find, for every sin!

MARGARET.

Brother!—what agonising pain!

VALENTINE.

I say now—from those tears refrain.
When thou didst with thine honour part,
The deepest stab thou gav'st my heart.
Thro' death's sleep unto God I go,
A soldier—and a brave one too.

[*Dies.*

Cathedral.

DIVINE SERVICE, ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET *among a Crowd.* EVIL SPIRIT *behind her.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Margaret, how chang'd art thou!
Since here unto the altar
Thou camest, full of innocence;
From thy well-worn little book
Lisping thy prayers:
Half, childish sports,
Half, God in thy thoughts!

Margaret!
How fares thy brain?
Upon thine heart
What deed of Guilt!
Pray'st thou for thy Mother's Soul?—for her
Who slumber'd down to long, long pain thro' thee?
Whose blood is at thy door?
—And now beneath thy heart
Stirs 't not, already quick,
Itself and thee tormenting,
With its præsentient being?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe!
Were I but loosed from thoughts,
That drive my brain along—across,
Accusing me!

THE CHOIR.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla.

[*The Organ.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Horror seizes thee!
The Trumpet sounds!
The Graves are stirring!
And thy heart
Stirs up
From its ashy rest!—
To fiery torments
Recreate!

MARGARET.

Would I were hence!
I feel as though the Organ
Stifled my breath!
As though the chanting
Melted my heart!

THE CHOIR.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

MARGARET.

I feel so choked!
The pilasters
Close in upon me!
The vaulted roof
Sinks down upon me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT.

Hide thee? Sin and shame
Remain not hidden!
Air? Light?
Woe 's thee!

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus!

EVIL SPIRIT.

The Glorified turn
Their faces from thee!
The Pure shudder
To reach thee their hands!
Woe!

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

MARGARET.

Neighbour !—Your smelling bottle.

[*She swoons away.*

Walpurgi's Night.

THE HARTZ-MOUNTAINS.

Region of Schirke and Elend.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Are you not longing for a broomstick now?
I wish I had a He-goat, shaggy and tough,
To ride:—We still have a good way to go.

FAUST.

Oh ! while my legs feel fresh, as yet they do,
For me this knotted stick's enough.
What boots it to cut short our way ? —
One while, to thread the labyrinths of the dale—
One while, precipitous rocks to scale,
Where cataracts smoke in everlasting spray—
These are keen joys that lengthen'd toil repay.
Lo ! how Spring's eddies in the Birches weave ;
They have e'en caught the lagging Pine :
Should not our bodies, too, its genial force perceive ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Egad ! I feel none on't in mine !
It is so wintry in all my limbs,
I should prefer a path of frost and snow !

How sad, with unfulfilled orb, up-climbs
Yon blood-red Moon, with her belated glow !

And gives so bad a light,—at every tread
One runs against a rock or tree!
Shall I call a Will o' the Wisp instead?
I see one yonder, burning merrily.
Hoh there! my friend! may I enlist your aid?
Why flare away so uselessly?
Be good enough to light us up, I beg!

WILL O' THE WISP.

Awe will, I trust, subdue the nature
Of a very skipping creature:
Our course, you are aware, is usually zig-zag.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Heh! deh! thou thinkest Man to imitate!
Quick! in the devil's name! march on quite straight—
Or I will blow your flickering life out,—souse!

WILL O' THE WISP.

I see you are the master of the house,
And so will do my best to suit your whim.
But mind! the Hill is magic-mad to-night;

If then poor Will o' the Wisp must lend his light
To show you up—don't be too hard on him!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, AND WILL O' THE WISP
(in alternate Chorus).

The sphere of Magic and of Dream,
It seems that we have entered now;
On! lead the way in style, brave Gleam!
On! that we may swiftly go
Through this Region wide and waste!

See! how manifold and fast,
Trees behind trees now are wheeling!
And the Rocks, how they are reeling!
And the Crags, along—across,
How their nostrils snort and toss!

O'er the pebbles, o'er the moss,
Stream and streamlet haste along!
Is it rustling? is it song?

Is it young Love's plaining lays?—
Voices of those heavenly days?
What Hope, what Love comes up around!
And,—like a tale of olden time,—
Echo babbles back the sound!

To-whoo-whoo! in nearing chime!
The Screech, the Pewet, and the Jay—
Up, and wide awake are they?—
Are Salamanders in yon brakes?—
With their long legs, and fat paunches!
See! the roots, like twisted snakes,
Clasp their intertangled branches
O'er the rocks, and o'er the sand!
And, with convolutions tight,
Strive to catch us, or affright!
From their living, leprous warts,
The many-footed fibre darts
At the passer!—
And the Mice!
Thousand-colour'd, trooping-wise,

O'er the moss, and o'er the heath!—
And the winged Glow-worms fly,
In stifling swarms—above—beneath,—
A most bewildering company!

But tell me, are we stopping now?
Or continue we to go?
Every thing is whirling so!
Rocks and trees! that make wry faces,
And the Jack o' Lanterns! who
Puff, and multiply their blazes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Catch hold of my coat-tails, tight!
Here 's a sort of middle-height,
That the wond'rous sight will shew,
How Mammon through the Hill doth glow!

FAUST.

How wildly shoot, through yon recesses,
Gleams,—like the first faint blush of day;

And even down the deep abysses
Of the yawning Caverns play!
Here Steam mounts—there Drift-vapours speed;
There bursts, through filmy mist, red light;
Now, narrow'd to the slenderest thread,
Now, gushing like a well-spring bright!
There, through the Valley's level track,
It winds, in many a glittering vein;
And there, by yon nook headed back,
'Tis mass'd—and scatter'd all again!
Fountains of sparkles, to the sky,
—Thrown off like golden sands,—aspire!
See, see! athwart the mountain high,
Its breasting wall is all on fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not Sir Mammon for these feasts
His palace gloriously light?
You're in high luck to have seen the sight!
I hear, already, the uproarious guests.

FAUST.

How through the air the storm-blast hisses!
And drives against my neck with such hard knocks!—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lay tight hold of the old ribs of the rocks,
Else it will hurl you down to yon abysses!

The night is murky with clouds!
Hark! to the howl of the Woods!
Out the scared Owlets are flitting!
Hoh! hoh! how the columns are splitting,
And the ever-green Palace-roofs smashing!
Hark to the tossing boughs' crashing!
The massive trunks,—how they are groaning!
The roots,—how they're creaking and yawning!
Now, all in one dread fall rushing,
Over each other they're crushing!
And through the ruin-choked abysses,
The driving blast howls and hisses!

Voices—aloft—dost hear?
About us,—afar,—and near?
Yes! the whole mountain along,
Streams the maniac Witches'-song!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

Up to the Brocken the Witches are going;
The reap'd fields are yellow, and green the growing!
There gathers the swarming company;
Sir Urian,—up aloft sits he!
So on we go, on, over stock, over stone!
The He-goat———the Witch———

A VOICE.

Old Mother Baubo alone doth ride,
She sits a farrow-sow astride!

CHORUS.

So honour to all to whom honour is due!
On! dame Baubo! we follow you!
A Sow that is fat, and a mother to boot,
Is worthy to lead the whole Witch-rout!

A VOICE.

How camest thou hither?

A VOICE.

By Ilsenstein!

I peered the Owlet's nest within;

What a stare she did give!

A VOICE.

To hell with thee scurry!

What a devil of a hurry!

A VOICE.

She has given me a graze;

Only look at the place!

WITCHES (*in chorus*).

The way is broad! the way is long!

Oh, what a glorious wild Witch-throng!

The fork it sticks! the broom it pricks!

The child doth smother! and bursts the mother!

SEMICHORUS OF WIZARDS.

Like snails in their houses creep we on!

The women all before us are gone;

For towards the Devil's House, alway
A thousand steps in advance are they!

OTHER SEMICHORUS.

That wont we quite to the letter take:
The woman a thousand steps doth make;
Yet haste she as much as haste she can,
In a single bound arrives the man!

A VOICE ABOVE.

Come with us, come with us, from Felsensee!

VOICES BENEATH.

We are longing with you up aloft to be!
We wash and we wash, and are thoroughly clean,
But barren are still, as we ever have been!

BOTH CHORUSSES.

The wind is lay'd!—the stars are fled!
The wan moon gladly hides her head!
But the rushing roaring wizard-choir
Spurts out ten thousand sparks of fire.

A VOICE BENEATH.

Stop! stop for me!

A VOICE ABOVE.

Who calls from the split rock's cavity?

A VOICE BENEATH.

Let me go with you! let me go with you!
Three hundred years I 've been climbing now!
But yet the top I can never find!
And fain I am to be with my kind!

BOTH CHORUSSES.

Every Broom is bestrid, every Stick to boot,
Every Fork, and every old He-goat;
Who cannot raise himself up to-night,
He is for ever lost outright!

HALF-WITCH (*beneath*).

I 've been dangling so long at this same spot!
The others—how far a-head they have got!
No peace can I ever get at home,
And find none here where I have come!

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

An ointment, an ointment for Witches is good!
With a rag for a sail along we scud!

A trough—an old trough is our good ship tight;
He never will fly, who flies not to-night!

BOTH CHORUSSES.

As the summit we pass round,
All then plump upon the ground!
Covering the whole heath, far and nigh,
With our swarm of witchery!

(They let themselves down.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What thronging, pushing, rushing, clattering!
What whizzing, whirling, bustling, chattering!
What flaring, burning, spurting, stinking!
Your true Witch-atmosphere, I 'm thinking!
But mind you keep to me quite close!
We shall each other else in no time lose.
Where are you?

FAUST (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Already swept so far!
Oh, then I must assert my privilege here.

Room for Sir Voland!—Room! By'r leave!
sweet people, pray—
Now, Doctor, take my arm! one push! and we
are away
Out of this thronging company,
That is too mad e'en for the like of me!
But yonder, lo! a most peculiar glare;
I feel attracted towards that thicket—
Then come along, we 'll creep in there.

FAUST.

Spirit of contradiction! on, then, if you like it!
But is it not most wisely done?
Up to the Brocken to repair,
Upon Walpurgi's Night, merely to sulk alone!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just see those flames, red, green, and blue!
There is met a merry crew—
One 's not alone among a few.

FAUST.

I 'd rather be up yonder, though!
Look at the smoke-wreaths and the glow!

To the Evil-one that rout is hieing,—
How many a riddle's there untying.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a riddle's tied there too!
But let the great world roar at will,
We 'll keep, in this snug corner, still.
You know the proverb, that hath said,
"Many small worlds in the great world are made."
There are young witches,—naked all,—
And old ones—they are (wisely) dress'd;
For my sake, now, be merry with the rest!
The sport is great—the trouble small.
Tuning of instruments I hear—
Damn'd noise!—one yet must use one to the jar!
So 't *must* be, I suppose,—then come along,
I'll first, and introduce you to the throng!
New favours I 'll confer on you—
The Room's not small now—eh?—what says my friend?
But just look in,—you cannot see the end;

A hundred fires all burning in a row!
There's dancing, chatting, cooking, drinking,
wooing!
Than these, what is there better going?

FAUST.

To obtain our introduction to the revel,
Are you announced as Sorcerer, or Devil?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith! I 'm most used to go incognito,
On gala-days, one shows his Orders though:
And, though I do not deck me in the Garter,
The Cloven Foot's much honour'd in this quarter.
Yon Snail—how she comes creeping hither! see!
With those fingering eyes led on—
Already she has got scent of me;
Do what I will to-night, I can't escape being
known!
But come along—from fire to fire we 'll go,—
I 'll be the pander, and the wooer thou.

(To some who are seated round a heap of expiring embers).

What make ye at this end, Old Gentlemen?
If gaily in the midst, I should applaud you then,—
'Mid youthful revels—Surely every one
Has quite enough, at home, of being alone!

GENERAL.

To trust in Nations, who may dare?
Tho' he have served them in all truth!
For the People, like the Fair,
Always give preference to youth.

MINISTER.

The world is now gone wide astray!
Old times for ever!—and old men!
When all in all was *our* sole sway;
The proper Golden Age was then.

PARVENU.

We, too, were certainly no fools,
And oftentimes did what we should not!

Now up and down all loosely rolls,
Just at the point we wish it would not!

AUTHOR.

Who 'll read productions now a day,
That are not of all sense deficient?
And as for the young people—they
Were ne'er before so self-sufficient!

MEPHISTOPHELES,

(*Who all at once appears very old*).

Folks all are ripe for doom, one plainly sees,
Since here, for the last time, I 'm climbing now!
And as *my* cask is on the lees,
The world must be on the tilt also.

FRIPIERE-WITCH.

Good gentlemen, don't pass on thus!
Nor lose this opportunity!
Unto my wares, pray give an eye
I have many here, and various!

Yet nothing on my stall you 'll find,
(The whole world doth not boast its brother)
That hath not wrought on human kind
Rich mischief, at some time or other!
No Dagger here—that hath not been begored!—
No Cup—that through some healthy blood
Its hot consuming poison hath not poured!
No Trinket—that to ruin hath not wooed
Some maid! No Sword—that hath not cut some tie,
Or, haply, stabbed in the back some adversary!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Cousin! you are not up to times like these!
The Done is past—the Past is done!
Take up the trade of novelties—
Now novelties attract alone.

FAUST.

I 'm almost dizzy, I declare!
Now this I call, indeed, a fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upwards the whole world is pushing—
Thou art push'd thyself, and thinkest *thou* art pushing.

FAUST.

But who is that?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark her attentively!
That 's Lilith.

FAUST.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Adam's first wife is she;
Shun thou the tangles of her sunny hair—
Wherein she shines, pre-eminently fair!
If any Youth into those toils is won,
She will not let him break away so soon.

FAUST.

A couple there—an Old and Cub-witch sit—
They seem to have been capering a good bit.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh! that to night will no cessation know,
They 're calling a fresh dance—Come along!
we 'll set to.

FAUST.

(*dancing with the Young one*).

Once a fair dream came to me,
And then I saw an apple tree:
Two shining apples on it hung,
They tempted me, and up I sprung.

THE BEAUTY.

You always have thought apples nice,
Since the days of Paradise:
And I am overjoy'd to know,
That such too in my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES,

(*with the Old one*).

Once a wild dream came to me,
And then I saw a cloven tree,
That such * * * * * * did show,
* * * * * * * * * I liked it though!

THE OLD ONE.

I offer now my best salute
To Sir Knight of the Cloven-foot:
Let him present a * * * * * *
If not afraid of that * * * * * *

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed folk! how dare you then!
Didn't I demonstrate long ago,
That Spirits upon common legs can't go?
And here you are—dancing just like us men!

THE BEAUTY *(dancing)*.

What does he want, then, at our Ball?

FAUST *(dancing)*.

Oh, he must have a hand in all.
What others dance he will assay;
If he can't every step with twaddle overlay,
The step 's as good as never done!
He 's always most annoy'd when we get on.
If in a circle, round and round, you 'd go,
Just like himself in his old Mill,

He would find that all very well,—
Especially if you had asked his leave for 't too.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

You still are here? this is a thing unheard of!
Vanish! we now all goblinry have cleared off!
The devil's pack! they 'll no fixed laws fulfil;
Though we are so clever, Tegel is haunted still.
How long have I been shovelling Fancy's dirt off,
And still not clean! It is indeed unheard of.

THE BEAUTY.

Then cease to bore us with your fooleries.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST.

Spirits, to your own faces I declare
A spiritual despotism I cannot bear!
——This my own spirit cannot exercise.

(*They go on dancing.*)

Nothing I see will turn out well to night!
Yet I will still continue on my travels;
And hope to make obedient to my might,
Ere my last step,—both Poets and Devils!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now he'll go squat him in a puddle—plump!
A solace that wherein he finds much merit:
And when the leeches have enjoyed his rump,
He 's straightway cured of spirits—and of *spirit*.
[*To* FAUST, *who has left the dance.*
Why do you cast that pretty maiden off,
Who sang so sweetly as she danced along?

FAUST.

Faugh! in the very middle of her song
A red mouse jump'd out of her mouth.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That 's nothing! you are too fastidious! Troth,
The mouse wasn't grey—let that suffice!
One mid his pleasures must not be so nice.

FAUST.

Then saw I———

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUST.

Mephisto, seest thou there—
Alone, a pale fair girl, standing afar?
She drags herself now slowly from the spot,
And seems to slide as 'twere with closed feet:
A strange fancy I have got,
That she is like dear Margaret!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let 't be! no health can come on't! 'tis no maid!
A magic phantasm 'tis!—a bloodless shade!
To encounter it will not be good!
With its fixed gaze, it freezes up men's blood!
And they are turned to stone well nigh—
Come! Come!—You know Medusa's history.

FAUST.

Those are indeed a corpse's eyes I see,
That no friendly hand hath closed!
That is the form that Margaret yielded me;
That the sweet bosom whereon I reposed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All magic! Fool, whom lightest airs can move!
She wears to each the semblance of his Love.

FAUST.

Ah me! what ecstasy! what agonies!
I cannot turn me from those eyes!
How strangely too a single band, blood-red,
No broader than the back of a knife, doth deck,
Circling it round, that beauteous neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, yes! quite right!—I see it too—Her head
Under her arm she 'll sometimes wear;
Perseus has cut it off for her.—
What! the old love of wonders still?
But come, let 's now get up the Hill:
All 's gay as in the Prater there.
Well, now, as I 'm alive, I see
A Theatre, I do declare!
What is there about to be given?

SERVIBILIS.

They are going to begin again immediately.
'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—
'Tis the mode here to give so many, you know.
'Tis by a Dilettante writ,
And Dilettanti act in it.
Pardon me, Sir! for I must vanish now!
My Dilettante part 's to raise the curtain!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now this is capital to meet with you
On Blocksberg! 'tis your fitting place, that 's certain!

Walpurgi's Night's Dream,

OR

OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING-FEAST.

INTERMEZZO.

MANAGER OF THE THEATRE.

To-day for once we may be still,
We, the brave sons of Mieding;
Dripping dale and hoary Hill,
Is all the scene we are needing.

HERALD.

To make a Golden Wedding-feast,
Fifty years must have known it;
But if the quarrel too be past,
There is more gold upon it.

OBERON.

Spirits now make it clearly seen,
If with me you are united;
For we, the plighted King and Queen,
Our troths anew have plighted.

PUCK.

Now Puck comes on and whirls about,
With pirouette and prancing;
And after him, a joyous rout
Is to the sport advancing.

ARIEL.

Ariel awakes the lay,
In tones of silver clearness;
True, worthless things its power obey,
But also Beauty's dearness.

OBERON.

Ye wedded ones, who'd live in peace,
Now learn by our example!—
One need but part them for a space,
Their love will then be ample.

TITANIA.

If husband frowns—if wife doth scold,
Forthwith your hands lay both on;
Lead her towards the Southern cold,
And him towards the Northern.

ORCHESTRA. (TUTTI. *fortissimo*).

Fly's Proboscis and Gnat's Horn,
With all of their relations;
Frog in leaves—Cricket in corn,
These all are our Musicians.

SOLO.

See! now here comes the Bagpiper—
It is the bright Soap-bubble;
His Schnecke-schnicke-schnacky hear!
With its droning hubble.

SPIRIT (*in the act of fashioning itself*).

Give a Toad's belly—Spider's foot,
And tiny pinions to him;
Tho' a young animal 'tis not,
Yet 't is a little Poem.

A YOUNG PAIR.

Mincing steps and boundings high,
Through honey-dew and vapours;
On earth you trip it deftily—
But cut through *air* no capers.

CURIOUS TRAVELLER.

Is not this masquerading play?
Deceptive visions weaving;
My eyes see—Oberon the Fay!
If me they are not deceiving.

ORTHODOX.

No claws one sees—no tail one sees,
But doubtless something evil!
And just as are "The Gods of Greece,"
So is he too a Devil.

NORTHERN ARTIST.

In these times and in these climes,
But roughest sketches learn I!
Yet I 'll prepare myself by-times,
For my Italian Journey.

PURIST.

I am here, alas! unto my cost!
The ribaldry grows louder!
Yet see I, 'mong the whole Witch-host,
Two only that wear powder!

YOUNG WITCH.

Let powder and a petticoat
Be grey old women hiding!
To shew my plump limbs, my He-goat
I am, thus naked, riding.

MATRON.

We have much better manners got,
Than here to bandy phrases:
I hope, however, you may rot,
With all your budding graces!

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

Fly's Proboscis and Gnat's Horn,
Don't thus the naked pester!
Frog in leaves—Cricket in corn,
Keep time in our Orchestra!

VANE *(turned towards one quarter)*.

Company to one's heart's desire!
Nought but young brides appearing!
And youngsters too—a happy choir,
All hopeful faces wearing!

VANE (*turned towards the other quarter*).

And if the Earth don't open deep,
The whole of them to swallow!
Why then I'll take a running leap,
And jump into Hell's hollow.

XENIEN.

We are all as Insects here to-day,
Our sharp small pincers showing;
To Mr. Satan, our papa,
Fit honour to be doing.

HENNINGS.

Look at them in the crowded throng,
With jokes naively playing!
"They had mild intentions all along,"
They 'll in the end be saying.

MUSAGETES.

Himself among this Witches' band,
One with great pleasure loses;
And I much better understand
To lead them—than the Muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE TIME.

One's somebody right folk beside !
Now fast by the coat-tail catch us !
The Blocksberg has a summit wide,
Like our own German Parnassus.

CURIOUS TRAVELLER.

Tell me the name of that stiff man ?
He is with stiff steps stalking !
Snuffling at all he snuffle can !
" In trail of Jesuits walking."

CRANE.

I love to fish in a clear lake,
And e'en in troubled waters !
Thus godly men themselves will make
At home—in Devil's quarters.

WORDLING.

Yes, for the godly, it is clear
All is a fit vehicle !
They build e'en upon Blocksberg here
Full many a conventicle.

DANCER.

Here surely a fresh choir proceeds ?
I hear a distant drumming !
No ! 't is the bitterns in the reeds,
With their one-noted booming !

DOGMATIST.

I 'll never from my opinions go,
Thro' criticism or cavil !
The Devil must be something !—true !
Else how could there be a Devil ?

IDEALIST.

My every sense now Fantasy,
Doth lord it will-I, nill-I !
And if all Fantasy am I,
That 's why to-day I 'm silly.

REALIST.

Such Being is a plague I vow !
It ought to plague me surely ;
Upon my feet, the first time now,
I 'm standing insecurely.

SUPERNATURALIST.

This scene puts me in joyous mood:
It yields, too, much instruction;
For from bad spirits to the good,
Is logical induction.

SCEPTIC.

They track the flames there merrily,
They think they near the treasure!
Devil and Doubt begin with D—!
I have here congenial pleasure.

LEADER OF THE ORCHESTRA.

Frog in leaves—Cricket in corn,
You make me lose all patience!
Fly's Proboscis and Gnat's Horn,
Damn'd Amateur-musicians!

THE ADROIT.

Sansouci's call'd this merry crew
Of young things, in the revel:
Upon our feet we cannot go,
So on our heads we travel.

THE MALADROIT.

What dainty bits we once did know,—
Alas! now farewell to it!
Our pumps—they now are all danced through,
So on bare soles we go it.

WILL O' THE WISPS.

From bogs and marshes come our glows,
The birth-place of their lightness;
But quick we range us here in rows,—
Gallants of passing brightness!

SHOOTING STAR.

I came down, shooting from the sky,
A corruscating meteor;
Now sprawling on the grass I lie!
Who 'll help me on my feet here?

THE MASSIVE.

Room! now room! about we go,
And down the grass we trample:
Spirits are coming—Spirits too
Have heavy limbs and ample.

PUCK.

Don't there, like sucking elephants,
So heavily be stumping!
For the stout Puck, on this day, wants
The heaviest to be jumping.

ARIEL.

If from boon Nature ye have had—
If from the Spirit—pinions!
Then follow my light foot-steps glad,
To the Rose-Hill's dominions.

ORCHESTRA *(pianissimo)*.

The cloud-racks and the vapour-bredes
Bright gleams are now transpiercing;
Breeze in the leaves—wind in the reeds,
All, all is now dispersing!

A gloomy Day.

A Plain.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! in despair! long wandering in wretchedness on the face of the Earth, and now in prison! Barred in a dungeon as a Malefactor—reserved for hideous torture—she, the beloved, unhappy being! And hath it then come to this—to this? Traitorous and worthless Spirit —and this hast thou concealed from me? Ay!

stand there—stand there, and roll those devilish eyes in fury! Stand there and defy me with thy unbearable presence! In prison! In irredeemable misery! Abandoned to the power of Evil Spirits and to hard judging, cold, unfeeling Man! And thou lullest me, the while, with flat insipid dissipations—hidest from me her ever-waxing woes, leaving her to perish—without help!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She 's not the first!

FAUST.

Dog! execrable monster!—Change him, thou Infinite Spirit, change the reptile back into his dog's shape!—as when at eventide he was wont to trot before me—or roll at the feet of the unharmed rambler, or hang upon his shoulders as he stumbled. Change him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch on his belly in the sand before me, and I trample with my feet—him, the reprobate! She not the first!

Misery—misery inconceivable by any human soul —that more than one being should have sunk down into the depths of wretchedness like this—that the first, in his writhing death-throes, yielded not satisfaction for the guilt of all the others, in the eyes of the Ever-pardoning. The wretchedness of this one thrills *me* to the very marrow and life blood. Thou grinnest, composedly, over the fate of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now again we have come to our wit's ends—there, where the sense of you mortals is strained to snapping. Wherefore make ye fellowship with us, if that ye cannot go through with it? Will ye fly? and are not safe from dizziness! Do we thrust ourselves on you—or ye yourselves on us?

FAUST.

Gnash not thy gluttonous fangs so at me! I loath thee! Great glorious Spirit—thou who

deignedst to appear to me—thou who knowest my heart and my inmost soul! wherefore link me with this infamous comrade—with him who battens on mischief, and feasts on ruin.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast done?

FAUST.

Save her! or woe to thee! Curses most hideous upon thee, for thousands of years to come!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bands of the Avenger—nor draw back his bolts. Save her! who was it that hurled her to destruction, I or thou? [FAUST *looks wildly about.*] Would'st grasp the thunder? Well that it hath not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to atoms one who replies in all innocence to you—that is the tyrant's fashion of finding an outlet in his perplexities.

FAUST.

Conduct me thither—she *shall* be free?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the danger whereto thou exposest thyself? Be it known to thee that on that town lieth the guilt of blood, through thy hand. Over the place of the slain hover the Avenging Spirits, and lie in wait for the return of the Murderer.

FAUST.

And that too from thee? The murder and death of a world on thee, Monster! Lead me thither, I say, and set her free.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will lead thee thither; and what I can do, now hear: have I all power in Heaven and on Earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses—do thou get possession of his keys, and lead her out with human hand. I will watch. The Wierd-horses are ready—I will spirit you away. Thus much can I.

FAUST.

Up! and away!

Night.

An open Plain.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST.

Why sweep they so round yon Ravenstone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Can't say what they are cooking and brewing.

FAUST.

Floating up—floating down—bowing them, bending them !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A Witch-Guild.....

FAUST.

They are sprinkling and charming.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Get on—get on.

Prison.

FAUST *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

FAUST.

A shuddering, long unfelt, my heart appals!
The woes of all our kind now throng my sense!
Here dwells she, here, behind these dripping walls;
And fond Illusion was her sole offence.
Ah why these lingerings vain?
Thou dreadest to see her again?
On! in each moment of delay Death wins!

[*He takes hold of the lock.*

A VOICE FROM WITHIN, *singing.*

My mother, the Whore,
She has murdered me!
My father, the Rogue,
He has eaten me!
Then my young sister, she
All my bones pick'd up;
And hid them beneath the green tree.
Then a sweet little wood-bird was I!
Chup! Chup!
Fly away, Fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

She dreams not that her Lover, listening near,
Those clanking chains, that rustling straw can hear.

[*Enters the prison.*

MARGARET (*hiding herself on her pallet*).

Woe! woe! they come. Death's agonies!

FAUST (*in a whisper*).

Hush! hush! I come to let thee loose.

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

Oh! if of flesh and blood, feel for my woes!

FAUST.

Hush! or thou 'lt wake the warders with those cries.

[*He takes hold of the chains to loosen them.*

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, Headsman! who could give
Such power as this to thee?
At deep midnight thou comest for me!
Have mercy, pray! and let me live!
Will 't not, at dawn, be time enow?

[*She rises.*

And I—so young, so very young! must now
Unto my death be going!
Fair was I too! ay! that was my undoing!
My Love was near me once, but now, alas, he 's gone!
Torn lies my garland, and its flowers all strown!

Nay! seize me not thus with grasp so strong!
Spare me! oh when did I e'er do thee wrong?
Let me not in vain implore!
I ne'er saw thee, in all my days, before!

FAUST.

Can I this agony endure?

MARGARET.

Thou hast got me in thy power now, quite;
Stay! till my Babe the breast hath had!
I press'd it to my heart all night;
They took 't away to make me sad;
And now they say I 've murder'd it.
Ah! I shall never more be glad.
Then they sing songs about me too:
Oh! that is so unkind!
I know the ballad that ends so—
Who could *such* meaning find?

FAUST (*throwing himself on his knees*).

A loving one kneeleth before thee now,
To loose thee from the thraldom of thy woe!

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees beside him*).

Ay! let us kneel—the saints to implore!
See there, 'neath the steps—by the door,
See there, 'neath the sill,
Are the seethings of Hell!
Hark! the noise
Of the Evil one champing in fury!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*listening in deep attention*).

That was *his* voice!

(*She springs up—the chains fall off her.*)

Where is he? I heard him call! I am free!
I will go! no one shall hinder me!
To his arms will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
He call'd Margaret—he stood at the door!
'Mid the howlings of Devils and wild uproar—

'Mid the jabberings, and mockings, and scoffings of Hell—
I knew those sweet tones! known and loved so well!

FAUST.

'T is I.

MARGARET.

'T is thou! oh say it once again!

[*Embracing him.*

'T is he! 't is he! Whither is all my pain?
The torment of chains? the dungeon-gloom?
To save me thou art come,
And I am saved!——
There! there! again I see the street,
Where we, first of all, did meet;
Again that garden fair, where we,
Martha and I, did wait for thee.

FAUST.

Come with me! come with me!

MARGARET.

Oh stay!
I love so to stay where thou stayest!
[*Caressing him.*

FAUST.

Away!
If thou delayest,
We shall both of us rue it sore!

MARGARET.

What! dearest, canst kiss no more?
Away such a short while as this
And forgot how to kiss!
In thy arms why do I tremble so now?
When, once, at each word, each look from thee,
I felt a rich, a heavenly glow;
And thou didst kiss as thou would'st stifle me!
Oh kiss thou me—
Or, I will thee!
[*She embraces him.*

Alas! but thy lips—how cold!
How mute they be!
Where, where didst thou part
With thy heart?
Who hath stol'n it from me?

[*She turns away from him.*

FAUST.

Come! follow me, darling! be bold!
I 'll love and cherish thee ten thousand-fold:
But follow me! I ask thee only this.

MARGARET *(turning towards him).*

And is it thou? Oh, thou indeed it is!

FAUST.

'Tis I. Oh come!

MARGARET.

From fetters thus releas'd!
Taken once more unto thy breast!—
How comes it that thou shrinkest not from me?
And dost thou know, my Love, *whom* thou sett'st free?

FAUST.

Come! Come, the night is well-nigh spent.

MARGARET.

My mother have I kill'd!
And I have drown'd my child!
Was 't not to me and thee, too, sent?
To thee! 'T is thou? I scarce can credit it!
Give me thy hand! 'T is not a dream!
Thy darling hand! Hah, now! but it is wet!
Wipe—wipe it off! As doth seem,
There 's blood thereon!
My God!—what hast thou done?
Put up that sword now—pray!
Pray—pray now do!

FAUST.

Oh let the Past be with the Past! Nay, nay!
Thou 'lt kill me so!

MARGARET.

No!—*Thou* must tarry behind!
I will set out the graves to my mind:

Thou must e'en about this work of sorrow
To-morrow !
The best place give to my mother—
Then, close beside her—my brother;
Me———a little apart———at one side—
But———Oh !———not too wide !
Then——the little one—on my right breast must be;
No one else in the world would lie near me :
Close—close to thee to lie—
Oh ! that were a sweet—a heavenly joy !
But ah ! such lot I never more may find !
I feel as forced to thrust myself on *thee*,
As thou, the while, wert still repulsing *me !*
And yet 't is thou—looking so good—so kind.

FAUST.

If that thou feel'st 't is I—then come !

MARGARET.

Out there ?

FAUST.

To the free air!

MARGARET.

Is the Grave out there?
Is Death lurking there? then come!
Hence to our everlasting rest;
And then—no step beyond!—Art going now?
Oh Henry! that I could too!

FAUST.

Thou can'st, but will it: See, the door is ope!

MARGARET.

I dare not go! For me there is no hope!
What boots 't to flee? They 're watching for me so.
It is so sad to beg one's bread;
And with an evil conscience, too!
It is so sad to roam in foreign lands!—
To fall, at last, into their hands.

FAUST.

I 'll quit thee ne'er!

MARGARET.

Quick !—quick ! There, there !
Save thy poor child !——
On ! keep the path
'Long the edge
Of the brook—
O'er the bridge—
Through the wood—
To the bank
On the left—
By the plank—
Beyond
In the Pond !
Catch hold of it !
It strives to rise !
It struggles yet—
Save it ! Save it !

FAUST.

Oh ! now collect thyself, I pray.
Only one step, and thou 'rt away !

MARGARET.

Oh were we now but past the Hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
How chilly my brain doth grow!
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And rolls her head to and fro!
She winks not! she nods not! ah! heavy her head!
She slept so long—she sleeps with the dead!
She slept that we too might play—
What happy times were they!

FAUST.

Vain are all prayers—all arguments!
My arms alone can bear her hence.

MARGARET.

Loose me! Nay, nay! I will endure no force!
Let go thy murderous grasp—let go!
I have done all to please thee hitherto.

FAUST.

Day greys the night! Darling, darling!

MARGARET.

Day! yes, day dawns! The last day now is seen!
My wedding-day by rights it should have been!
Tell none thou hadst been with Margaret before!
Woe worth my garland! ah me!
It is now all o'er!
We again one another shall see—
But at the dance never more!
The crowd gathers fast—no word is spoken.
The streets—the square
Cannot hold all there.
The Death-bell tolls.—The Wand is broken!
They bind me!—hands and feet!
I am dragg'd to the Blood-seat!
See! in that throng—all necks
Are wincing at the uplifted axe!—
Mute—mute now is all—as the grave!

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born!

(MEPHISTOPHELES *appears outside.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Up!—or all lost you 'll mourn!
Lingering and chattering there!
A profitless pudder!
My horses shudder
In the frore air.—
The morning dawns apace.

MARGARET.

What Form from the floor ascends?
He—he! Oh drive him hence!
What would he in this holy place?
He would me!

FAUST.

Nay! thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

Oh God to Thee
And thy just judgments I resign me now!

MEPHISTOPHELES *(to* FAUST).

Up! or I 'll leave you with her in the slough!

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Save me, Thou!
Angels! and oh ye multitudinous host
Of sainted Spirits! take post
And gird me round!——Henry! Alas for thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She 's judg'd—

VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Hither, to me!

[*Disappears with* FAUST.

VOICE FROM WITHIN, *dying away*.

Henry! Henry!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 1. *Dedication.*]—This dedication is worthy of remark, as being one of the very few instances of the exhibition, by Goethe, of any merely human feelings, as contra-distinguished from the poetic; I ought, perhaps, rather to say of *Self-sympathy*, against the indulgence of which he seems to have sternly fortified his heart.

The "Faust" was among the earliest of his important undertakings; but did not appear in its present shape until after the lapse of nearly half a century from its first conception; having, however, been published in the meantime in the form and with the title of a "Fragment." He resumed it after many years, when

With dreams of half-extinguish'd hope,
With many recollections dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The Vision of the mind return'd again.

What store he appeared to set by it, and under what circumstances he laboured, in the winter of his years, towards the completion of the Second Part, may be seen in Eckermann's "Conversations" with him.

Page 2. *This heart, &c.*]—I had at first translated these two lines,

> This bosom trembles into youth again,
> Swept by the wierd airs breath'd from off your train;

but was dissatisfied with the inadequate rendering of "zug," which points to the trooping swarm of spirits, by the feeble and equivocal expression of "train." The former was, however, the more exact version, and, as such, may be more satisfactory to some. I have mentioned this because I believe the two lines as they now stand depart more widely from the original than any other passage of this version. The reader will not be troubled with notes of this character in future.

Page 5. *Prelude on the Stage.*]—The opening

speech of the "Manager" shows that it was Goethe's whim to suppose, for his present Theatre, one of those popular Haupt-und-Staatsaction, or Puppetshew Booths, which at fairs and in the market-place had long resounded with the famous histories of Faust. He humourously adds his own Faust as a contribution to these national though humble representations.

Page 7. *Merry Fellow.*]—"Lustige Person," a seeker and a finder of joyous sensations, and hearty pleasure; or rather one "who always finds and never *seeks*." He is here made to take the party of Clown or Merriman in the booth; but he clearly had been washed and sent to school before Goethe caught him, and in his hands he becomes a Laughing Philosopher.

Page 16. *From Heaven through the World to Hell*] This alludes, I take it, to the Prologue in Heaven (which I have felt constrained to omit for the reasons stated in the Preface) to Faust's adventures in the *World* (which from the subject of this part), and to the ultimate destination, which Goethe seems here to have reserved for him;

and which was to form the subject of a subsequent Drama in continuation of this. The reader, however, must here be content to abide on earth with no glimpse of Heaven, and none other of its antithesis than he may be supposed to get in The Witch's Kitchen. By the way are there no works in German attempting to fix the locality of this Witch's Kitchen? A pregnant subject! and one that would yield some goodly tomes in the obstetric hands of a German commentator.

Page 21. *The Macrocosm.*]—The whole of external visible nature, to all and every part of which it was supposed that Man, the Microcosm, contained a corresponding antitype. Frequent allusions to this conceit will be found hereafter.

Page 22. *The Sage.*]—The well-known Nostradamus mentioned above, and whose valuable M.S. he is supposed to be studying.

Page 22. *The heavenly Powers, &c.*]—" And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the Earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the Angels of God ascending and de-

scending on it." Genesis c.xxviii. v. 12. I am not aware whether this passage has been applied by the Theosophists, or by those whom I may perhaps be allowed to call the Dynamic Physologists, in support or illustration of their systems. I think it, however, not improbable. It is some years since I read Jacob Boehmen's marvellous work, and now I have him not at hand to refer to; even were it worth while. The reader will perhaps thank me more for calling his attention to the following sublime passage from our great poet.

Glorious is the blending
Of right Affections, climbing or descending
Along a scale of light and life, with cares
Alternate; carrying holy thoughts and prayers
Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High;
Descending to the worm in charity;
Like those good Angels whom a dream of night
Gave, in the Field of Luz, to Jacob's sight;
All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs
Earthward or heavenward, radiant Messengers,
That, with a perfect will, in one accord
Of strict obedience, served the Almighty Lord;

And with untired humility forbore
To speed their errand by the wings they wore.
WORDSWORTH.

Page 27. *Famulus.*]—A poor student educated in the *family* of the professor at a German University, and assisting him in return as secretary, copyist, and amanuensis. Wagner is the name of Faust's disciple in Marlow's tragedy, and I believe in all the *Tragicall Hystories* concerning him.

Page 32. *The Few who, &c.*]

Alas for Liberty,
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or power can quell the free!
Alas for Virtue, when
Torments, or Contumely, or the sneers
Of erring-judging men
Can break the heart where it abides!
And Truth! who wanderest lone and unbefriended,
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of Error,
Alas for thee! Image of the Above!
SHELLEY.

But I cannot find the passage to refer to; and, quoting from memory, have some doubt of my accuracy.

Page 40. *Hither to me thou chrystal Goblet clear.*] I remember seeing a beautiful silver goblet of the kind, *i. e.* one contrived for the trial of a guest's powers of breath and drinking, at Berne in Switzerland, for sale, alas, second hand, in an old shop. It was so contrived that the wine flowed down a channel into the main reservoir, and in its course turned a mill, on the sweeps of which the drinker's eyes would be directed if in their natural position during the *pull* (zug). The subjects of the enigmatical embossments have escaped my memory; but, doubtless, they were such as needed all the sphynx-like inspiration of its copious Rhenish to resolve.

By the way, how notedly German is this selection by Faust of the ancestral goblet for his *poison!*

Page 51. *On last St. Andrew's Night.*]—Alluding to the popular German superstition, that on St. Andrew's Night, and on the Eve of some

other festivals, a girl, by laying a table for two (but with no forks), and, by some mode of communication not very clearly explained, inviting her unknown lover, may have the pleasure of his company at supper. *See Grimm's "Deutsche Sagen"* and *"Thoms' Lays and Legends of Germany"*.

Page 60. *There was the tawny Lion, &c. &c.*]—This is some alchemical phraseology, the meaning of which was first revealed to the English public by Mr. Griffiths, of Kensington, in a note appended to Mr. Hayward's prose version of Faust. From his explanation it appears that, divested of its alchemical dress, it would be

There was red Mercury (*"the tawny Lion"*), a powerfully acting substance (*"a bold wooer"*), combined (*"wed"*), at a gentle heat of the water-bath (*"in lukewarm bath"*), with tincture of antimony (*"the fair lily"*). Afterwards, both being exposed to the heat of the open fire, in an aludel, (*"then both fierce-tortured by fire's unscreen'd power"*), the combined product ascended from the body of the aludel, as a sublimate, into its heads in succession (*"were driven from one to another*

bridal-bed"). This sublimate, as the issue of the royal marriage of the Lion with the Lily is called "*the young queen*," and her "*colours' various pride*" denotes the rich diversity of tints which the curling sublimate assumed. Purple and ruby were most esteemed, for they, being royal colours, were held to be of good omen. See *Hayward's Faust*, p. 241–3 notes, from which this note has been condensed. I am told it is an old prescription for a well-known malady.

Page 65. *Invoke not thus, &c.*]—Wagner is here evidently referring to some popular superstition, as to the functions and influences of the several winds of heaven. I have met with nothing that throws any great light on his mystic allusions, which seem to be referable to some quaint wood-cuts in an old almanac; the "Francis Moore," perhaps, or "Barba Nera," of Germany.

Page 74. *Good will be Solomon's key.*]—I had better, perhaps, here insert, once for all, the lore concerning Solomon's Key and the Pentagram, to which reference will shortly be made. The reader will find enough for his purpose in a chap-

ter from "Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of Early English History and Literature, derived from M.S. sources," lately published by the Camden Society of London; and which I here transcribe.

"PENTALPHA—PENTACLE

"This mark was heretofore used as the sign of "the ✠ now, *sc.* at the beginning of letters or "bookes, for good-luck's sake; and the women "amongst the Jewes (Dr. Ralph Bathurst tells "me) did make this mark on the childrens' "chrysome cloathes. Mr. Wyld Clarke, mer- "chant (factor) at Santa Crux, in Barbarie, tells "me that the Jewes in Barbarie have this marke "on their trunkes in nailes, and on their cup- "boards and tables. So in France, &c. and here- "tofore in England were built crosses for good- "luck: and my old friend Mr. Lancelot More- "house, rector of Pertwood, Wilts, was wont to "marke this mark at the top of his missive let- "ters, as the Roman Catholiques doe the ✠ "And he told me (1660) that the Greeke Chris- "tians did so.

"The figure of three triangles, intersected "(adds W. Kennet) and made of five lines, is

" called the *Pentangle of Solomon;* and when it is " delineated in the body of a man it is pretended " to touch and point out the five places wherein " our Saviour was wounded. And therefore " there was an old superstitious conceit that the " figure was a Fuga Dæmonum—the Devils were " afraid of it. *Aubrey* 129. *r°*.

" The Pentaculum Salomonis, the Druden-fuss " of the German magical writers" (adds the Editor in a note), " and which is regarded at the " present day by the superstitious in Germany " as an effective hindrance to the power of " witches, is said to have its origin in the secret " doctrines of the Pythagoreans, and to have " been thence transferred to the mysteries of " Druidism. Be this as it may, it was certainly " looked upon in the middle ages as a sign of " immense power; and, at the present moment, " the Magical Pentalpha, in the western window " of the southern side of Westminster Abbey, is " one of the emblems which still exist and tell to " the initiated that the black monks, who once " chanted in the quire were deeply read in oc- " cult science. We are not, therefore, surprised " to find it treated of in Dr. Carl Gräbner's

" *Bilder der Wunderkunst und des Aberglaubens*, 8vo.
" *Weimar* 1837 *p.* 86; or that Goethe should
" have made Faust avail himself of its influence,

" Für solche halbe Höllenbrut
Ist Salomonis Schlüssel gut."

" But it would scarcely be expected, that a belief
" in its influence should be gravely avowed in a
" work published at the commencement of the
" nineteenth century:

" ' It is always necessary to have this Pentacle
" ' in readiness to bind with, in case the spirits
" ' should refuse to be obedient, as they can have
" ' no power over the exorcist while provided
" ' with and fortified by the Pentacle; the vir-
" ' tue of the holy names therein written presi-
" ' ding with wonderful influence over the spirits.
" ' It should be made in the day and hour of
" ' Mercury, upon parchment made of a kidskin,
" ' or virgin, or pure clean white paper, and the
" ' figures and letters wrote in pure gold; and
" ' ought to be consecrated and sprinkled (as be-
" ' fore spoken) with holy water. (Barrett's
" ' " Magus " book ii. pt. iii. 109)." *Anecdotes and Traditions. No.* clxvii. *pp.* 97-8. *See also Schol: in Aristoph. Nub.* 599, to which I referred Mr.

Hayward. Probably the " asterisk" and " obelisk " of our Printers are respectively the *Pentagram* and the *Cross*.

Faust does not seem to apply Solomon's key at first, but has recourse to a milder exorcism " The fourfold spell," strong enough for the lower and operative class of spirits, Salamander, Undine, Sylph, and Kobold, should either of these possess the Poodle. Failing this spell, however, he does apply Solomon's Key or the Pentagram, which answers his purpose. Had *this* too failed, it appears that he had a stronger still in store. What it was, beyond " the fire of threefold heat," I cannot inform the reader.

Page 77. *Travelling Scholastic.*]—It was not an uncommon practice for some of the Schoolmen in the middle ages to travel from place to place for the purpose of discussing their theses. I need only refer to the well-known pragmatical professor at Bruges, who having given out his challenge to dispute with any one " de omni scibili et quolibet ente," was posed and gravelled by our witty ,Sir Thomas Moore, who, accidentally passing thro' the town, propounded, for a

subject of discussion with him, "Utrum averia carucæ capta in vetito plegio sint irreplegiabilia?"

Page 78. *Fly-God.*]—"בעל זבוב Baal-zebub. Fly-Baal, i. e. the God Baal, as deus averruncus muscarum, 2 K. i. 2. 3. 16, an oracular deity of the Ekronites, similar to the Ζεῦς ἀπόμυιος of the Greeks (Pausan. Eiiac. c. 14); or to the Deus Miagros (Solin. c. l.)" Gesenius *in voce* זבוב.

He adds that it has been *incorrectly* regarded as a name of reproach, and refers to Carpzov. *Apparat. Antiq. Heb.* 497. However, it is sufficient for our present purpose that it has generally been so regarded.

Page 79. *The Spirit that e'er denies.*)—A dealer in negations both in word and *deed*—as annihilation is the negation of existence.

Page 82. *The Pentagram.*]—Vide supra note to page 74.

Page 85. *Vanish ye gloomy, &c.*]—I have never

seen the attention of the reader called to this singular song of the Spirits, as containing an outward projection of the internal mechanism of a dream. The original is wonderful as a work of poetic art: image suggesting image, a word its chiming associate in the orderly disorder observed in the subtle texture of our dreams. I know no similar attempt of the art in any language: Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" can hardly be held as a parallel performance, nor even as *ejusdem generis*; and the visions of Richard and Macbeth, &c. have only a faint analogy with it, tho' containing, perhaps, the germs of the invention; for such I hold it (perhaps in my ignorance) to be.

The reader will find another application of it hereafter; where the rackings of remorse in Margaret are rendered in like manner objective by the uttered words of the Evil Spirit behind her; and with surpassing dramatic effect.

Page 89. *Faust! till we meet again, dream on.*]—This line is absent from some editions; probably correctly so, for Faust instantly wakes.

Page 101. *Shew then those fruits, &c.*]—I shall pass over this passage *siccis pedibus*, as the discussion of its exact meaning would occupy unprofitably the time of the reader. Of course I don't profess to understand it in the least; but that is the worst reason in the world why I should not set about explaining it.

After all a "nicht" may have been in Goethe's mind, but have slipped out of the written sentence. If we *must* read it as it is, then the meaning, I take it, must be that Faust, though knowing the worthlessness of Mephistopheles' gifts, says nevertheless that he will have them.

Page 115. *Collegium Logicum.*]—A course of lectures on Logic. I have retained this, and "paragraphi," and other pedantic phrases, which are essential to the character of Mephistopheles' speeches, they being, among other things of deeper import, a quiz on the style and phraseology of German professors—at least as they were. The whole literature of Germany was in fact deeply affected at one time by the continual intercalation of Latin words: some German books printed so lately as the middle of the

last century, may almost be said to be in two languages; and as the foreign and native element were also *printed* in different types, the effect to the eye was as villainous as the taste that originated the abuse.

Page 115. *Spanish boots.*]—The well-known Torture-boot was called a *Spanish* boot in the North of the Continent; I believe from its first use by the Spaniards in the Low Countries. Afterwards a tight military boot, whereby the leg was *tortured* into orthodox dandyism, received a similar appellation—in reference, perhaps, to its having a somewhat analogous object in view. Perhaps, however, the appellation was as arbitrary as that of our own "Hessians" of blessed memory.

Page 116. *Seeks first the Spirit, &c.*]—A denunciation of that method of empirical analysis (as applied to physical science) which substitutes lifeless forms and abstractions for Ideas and Laws, and mere transmitted Appearances for that which alone lives and *is*. The whole of the energies of the Master-Spirit in Philosophy, of our

age and country, were directed against this system, as applied to moral and religious science; and the genius of our Wordsworth (far superior to that of Goethe *intensivè* and destined ultimately to be of deeper and more abiding influence in his own nation than I believe will fall to the lot of his German contemporary) has, in the plenitude of its unconscious inspiration, sent forth many an Orphic song, antagonist to its all pervading falsehood.

These—these have been of a truth, and in their undying operation will continue to be the loosers of imprisoned spirits in matter and in man. Ariel is fluttering with pinions even now half liberated from the rifts of his cloven pine, and yet a little while, and behold him with replenished wing cleaving the blue serene, which is his natural domain, and scattering from his plumage the rich tints of a glorious Sun—midway betwixt earth and it. The Caliban of Philosophy that so long has befouled our pleasant places, and grunted over the husks of Lockism, Humism, Benthamism, &c. &c. will, it is believed, soon gorge himself to death on those of —— I dare not say *what*.

Page 128. *Up, Dame Nightingale, &c.*]

" Schwing dich auf Frau Nachtigall
Grüss mir mein Liebchen zehentausendmal."

Probably another version of an old song given in the " Wunderhorn " and entitled " Frau Nachtigall."

" Nachtigal, ich hör' dich singen,
Das Herz möcht' mir im Leib zerspringen,
Komme doch, und sag mir bald
Wie ich mich verhalten sollt'

" Nachtigal, ich seh' dich laufen,
An dem Bächlein thust du saufen,
Du tunkst dein klein Schnäblein ein,
Meinst es wär' der beste Wein.

" Nachtigal, wo ist gut wohnen,
Auf den Linden, in den Kronen,
Bei der schön' Frau Nachtigal,
Grüss mein Schätzchen tausendmal."

for which I have nothing better to offer the English reader than the following imperfect version of it:

Nightingale, that thrilling strain
Doth almost rend my heart in twain;

Come hither to me then and shew
How I may appease its woe.

Nightingale, I see thee drink
At the brooklet's grassy brink;
Thou dipp'st thy bill in with such glee—
'T is like sweetest wine to thee.

Nightingale, where 't is good to dwell
Mid the Lime-boughs, in the dell,
Dame Nightingale a spray above—
A thousand greetings give my Love.

Page 134. *Rippach.*]—A village near Leipsig. Hans von Rippach is, I believe, a local and jocular name for the Old Gentleman himself. A Sailor might in a similar vein ask a greenhorn if he had seen Davy Jones lately.

Page 149. *Witch-Kitchen.*]—I omit all detailed commentary on this scene; the fun of it lies pretty much upon the surface, and they who may attempt to look more deeply into it will not, I think, find much to reward their speculations. There are, however, some good sly hits in it; and to those who may love to have a *moral poked*

at them, I would observe, that they may herein perceive in how foul a stye Lust is engendered.

Page 209. *Garden.*]—Albeit not within the scope of these notes, I hope to be excused for calling the reader's attention to the *acted parody* by Martha and Mephistopheles of the wooing of young Margaret and Faust. There is something to my mind exquisitely comic, as well as highly artistical in this application of the power of contrast. I shall, in the Walpurgi's Night Scene, need much indulgence from the reader for having retained a similar parody, where did I not feel that its very coarseness evolved a refined moral, its *exceeding* coarseness must of necessity have stayed my hand. *Here* the *love* of old Martha (simply a worldly one) is merely ludicrous—but the strophe and antistrophe of Mephistopheles and his Witch partner, hereafter, shew I think in appalling colours to what complexion *lust* must come at last. I have preferred referring to the matter here, for reasons that may suggest themselves to the reader.

Page 230. "*An I little bird were.*"]—The following is the exquisite little song alluded to.

" Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär,
Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt',
Flög ich zu dir;
Weil's aber nicht kann seyn,
Bleib' ich allhier.

" Bin ich gleich weit von dir
Bin doch im Schlaf bei dir
Und red' mit dir;
Wenn ich erwachen thu,
Bin ich allein.

" Es vergeht keine stund in der Nacht
Da mein Herze nicht erwacht,
Und an dich gedenkt,
Dass du mir viel tausendmal
Dein Herz geschenkt."

An I a little bird were,
And had a pair of wings,
To thee I 'd fly;
But since this may not be,
I tarry here.

When from thee I am far,
I still in dreams am near,

And with thee speak;
But soon as I awake
I am alone.

No hour of night doth depart,
But waketh up my heart,
Thinking on thee,
How thou a thousand times thy heart
Hast pledged to me.

Page 235. *Margaret at her spinning-wheel alone.*] I cannot forbear from referring the reader to Wordsworth's exquisite sonnet—

Grief, thou hast lost a never-failing friend,
Now that the village spinning-wheel is mute.
&c. &c.

Page 252. *The boys would tear her garland, &c.*] —The manner among the peasantry of Germany of resenting the insult offered to the morals of their hamlet by transgressions such as those of poor Barbara. The Garland, or Virgin Coronal at a maiden's wedding is here alluded to. Visions of her own torn garland haunt the mind of poor Margaret herself in the Prison-scene, where she twice alludes to it.

Page 253. *A Zwinger.*]—"On our way (from Goslar to the Rammelsberg) we visited the *Zwinger*, an old tower of three stories, containing a saloon for masquerades. The walls are so thick as to admit of a small side apartment adjoining one of the windows. A scene in Goethe's Faust is entitled Zwinger: it is perhaps identical with this." *Downes' Letters from Continental Countries*, vol. ii. Let. 45. cited by Mr. Hayward.

Page 259. *Is that the treasure, &c.*]—Alluding to an old superstition, that a light may be seen hovering over the place of buried treasure.

Page 262. *Blood-bann.*]—The old criminal judiciary of the German empire superseding, I believe, the municipal jurisdiction of the imperial cities in all capital offences.

Page 267. *Cathedral.*]—See note to page 85.

Page 272. *Walpurgi's Night.*]—Walpurgi, Walpurga, or Walburga, is the name of the Saint who first converted the Germans to Christianity, and to her May-day is dedicated. The

witches and goblins, whom the pure faith had expelled from their accustomed haunts, were supposed to celebrate her festival with exasperated devilry. On the Hartz-Mountains, long the abode of the Druid Mysteries, was the place of their meeting, and there they held a sort of reformed parliament on the evening of that day. One cannot help regretting that Mephistopheles does not here give us a summary of matters performed during the session. The Brocken afterwards mentioned is the highest mountain of the Hartz range, and Schirke and Elend are two villages I believe on its skirts; the Brocken was the central point of the Witch meeting. Ilsenstein and Felsensee are also on the Brocken.

Page 279. *The Night is murky with Clouds.*]— The original of this storm-ode has, to my ear, a strong rythmic affinity with the splendid one of Cipriano in Calderon's Mágico Prodigioso.

Qué es esto, cielos puros ?
Claros á un tiempo, y en el mismo obscuros
Dando al dia desmayos,
Los truenos, los relámpagos y rayos

Abortan de su centro
Los asombros, que ya no caben dentro.
De nubes todo el cielo se corona,
Y, preñado de horrores, no perdona
El rizado copete de este monte.
&c. &c. &c. &c.
El Mágico Prodigioso, Jornada II.

Page 293. *Proctophantasmist.*]—Or Rump-Visionist is supposed to represent Nicolai a bookseller and author at Berlin. He, an old enemy of Goethe's, had published an account of his phantasmal illusions (with a minuteness of personal detail known only to Germany) pointing them against Fichte's system of Idealism, which he evidently confounded with what Coleridge would have called Subjective Idolism. The spectres disappeared gradually on the application of leeches to his person. I do not know that Goethe had any historic evidence for selecting the part on which they depastured themselves; it is, however, a favourite one with the phlebotomists of Italy, and not improbably of Germany also.

Page 294. *Tegel is haunted still.*]—I copy the

following explanation of this passage from Mr. Hayward's notes. He quotes Dr. Hützig as his authority for it, and I have received a similar interpretation from very high Berlin authority. "Tegel is a small place, about eight or ten miles from Berlin. In the year 1797 the inhabitants of Berlin, who pride themselves very highly on their enlightenment, were fairly taken in by the story of a ghost, said to haunt the dwelling of a Mr. Schulz at Tegel. No less than two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of September, 1797, waited from eleven at night till one in the morning, heard a noise, and saw nothing. The second was more fortunate, for one of the members rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the noise (very clumsy inartificial contrivances) as *spolia opima* to the conquerors. Thus began and ended the Tegel ghost's career, who, however, fully rivalled our Cock-lane ghost in celebrity, and gave rise to a

good deal of paper, as well as verbal, controversy."

Page 299. *Walpurgi's Night's Dream.*]—I have not thought myself warranted in omitting this Intermezzo; for local and temporary as are most of the allusions, Goethe must of course have foreseen that all the fun derivable from these circumstances must of necessity pass away; and yet he still preserved it as an integral part of the poem. Its allusions will be almost as intelligible to an English reader as they are at the present day to a German one; and it still abundantly fulfils the part assigned it, of filling up a supposed long interval of time, and, from its lightness, throwing the following prose-scene into tremendous relief. We still are enchanted with the delicious Bully Bottom and his compeers, and yet I have little doubt that these and the matters handled by them had also a temporary allusion which has now altogether evaporated.

I shall proceed to give brief explanations of such parts as I understand myself.

Page 301. *Mieding.*] — A celebrated scene-painter in his day at Weimar.

Page 301. *Herald.*] — "Herold." This may possibly be also the name of a man.

Page 304. "*The Gods of Greece.*"]—The fun of this consists, I think, in the double meaning intended to be conveyed by it—both equally orthodox articles of belief—first, that the Gods of Greece were in fact devils, as is believed by many; secondly, that Schiller's poem so intitled was also nothing more nor less than a devil. This poem has certainly much of German audaciousness of expression; yet is, in fact, nothing more than a poetic lament over the departure of "the fair humanities of old religion," and is simply an expansion of Max's speech in Wallenstein (so glorified in Coleridge)—

Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr,
Das reitzende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert.

Page 304. *Northern Artist.*] — This quatrain was intended, I think, as a hint to his compatriot artists to go to Italy with a better knowledge of the principles of Art.

Page 304. *Purist.*] — The representative of

literary, and more especially of theatrical purism. "The first opera that I saw at Paris I could not believe was in earnest, but thought they had carried me to the Opéra Comique. The three acts of the piece were three several interludes of the Loves of Anthony and Cleopatra, of Alcibiades and the Queen of Sparta, and of Tibullus with a niece of Mecænas; besides something of Circe, who was screamed by a Mademoiselle Hermans, seven feet high. She was in black, with a nosegay of black flowers (for on the French stage they pique themselves on propriety), and without powder; whenever you are a widow, are in distress, or *are a witch, you are to leave off powder.*" Hor. Walpole's Corresp. with Sir Horace Mann, vol. ii. p. 34.

Page 305. *Vane.*]—I cannot help the reader to an ascertainment of the person indicated by the "Vane." We see, however, enough in private life of that form of selfishness which denounces as ungodly and profane those pleasures which we once permitted ourselves—but which through age or other circumstances have ceased any longer to have attractions for us.

Page 306. *Xenien.*]—Some satirical epigrams, written conjointly by Goethe and Schiller, were so called; they greatly exasperated the "Minerva Press" of Germany. Among those who were stung by them were Hennings, who was the editor of the journals "Musaget," and "Der Genius der Zeit," here impersonated.

Page 307. *Curious Traveller.*]—This is said to represent the afore-mentioned Nicolai, as he was known for his hatred of and attacks on the Jesuits. One would think he had had enough in the Walpurgi's Night; and I am rather inclined therefore to think that it must mean some one else. I cannot give the reader any very precise information as to the other dramatis personæ; the several Philosophers speak for themselves.

Page 317. *Ravenstone.*]—"Rabenstein," a place of execution. Mephistopheles shows the same anxiety to escape from this vision as he did from that of Margaret (in the Walpurgi's Night) with the single blood-red band about her neck. Both

of course have reference to her sad and violent end.

Page 320. *My mother, &c.*]—This wild and "tumultuous song" is a paraphrase of one pertaining to a mystic tale of unknown antiquity, which from its length I regret I cannot here insert. Deeply entwined round the popular heart of Germany as is this tale, the dramatic appropriateness of Margaret's recurring to it here will be felt by all; and the very coarseness wherewith Goethe has chosen to invest it forms a main element of the terrific grandeur of the scene. I add the original of the song which Goethe has here paraphrased; the only one, at least, which I have seen, though probably in the different provinces of Germany there are many different versions of it. This is taken from *Grimm's Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen*, vol. i. p. 233, 2d edition, Berlin, 1819.

Min Moder de mi slacht't,
Min Vader de mi att,
Min Swester de Marleeniken
Söcht alle mine Beeniken

Un bindt se in een syden Dook,
Legts unner den Machandelboom,
Kywitt! Kywitt! ach watt en schön
Vagel bin ick!

The German reader who has not read this exquisite tale (if any such there be) I beg leave to refer to Grimm's Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen for the "Machandelboom." I know nothing of such wierd beauty—so vague, so dreamy, so wild, and yet withal so human.

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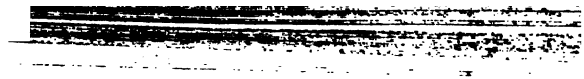

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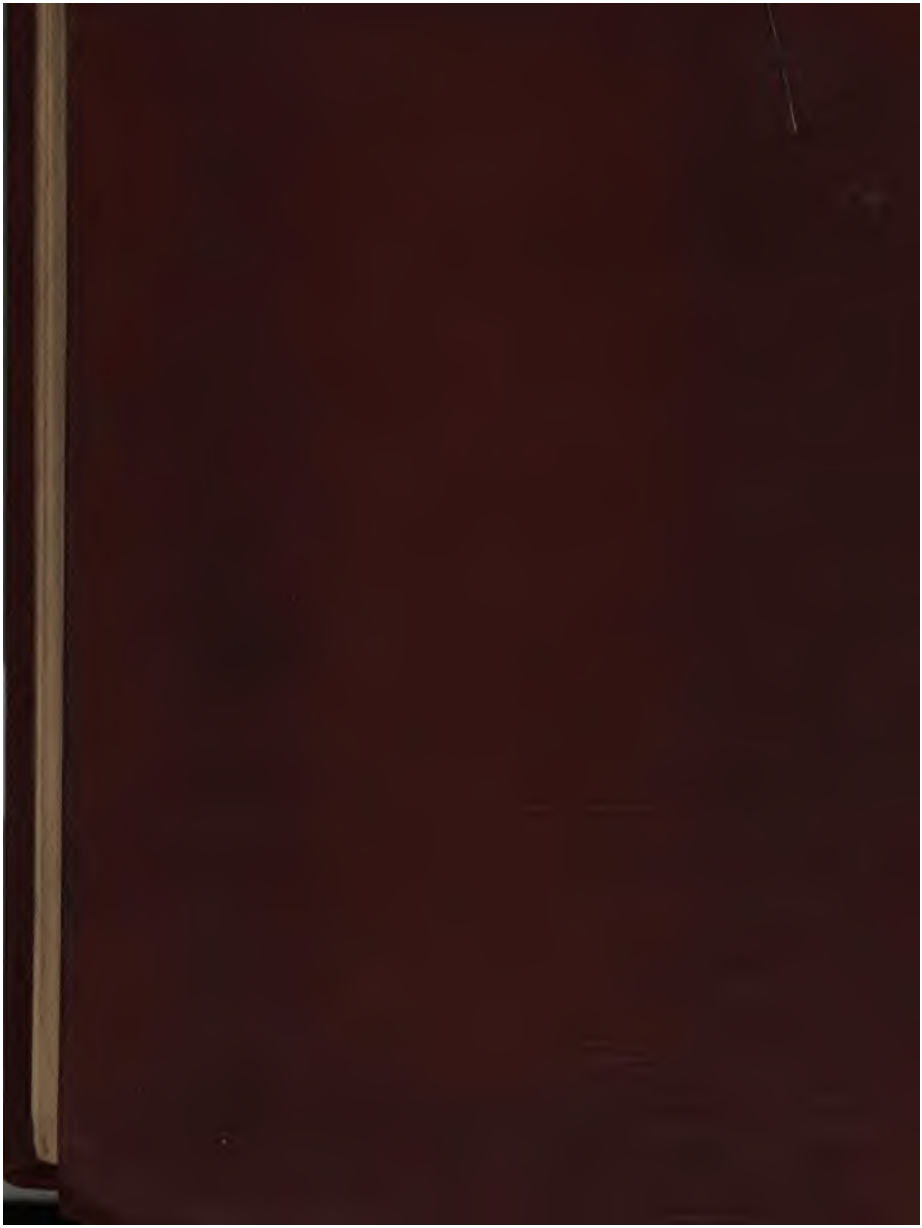
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